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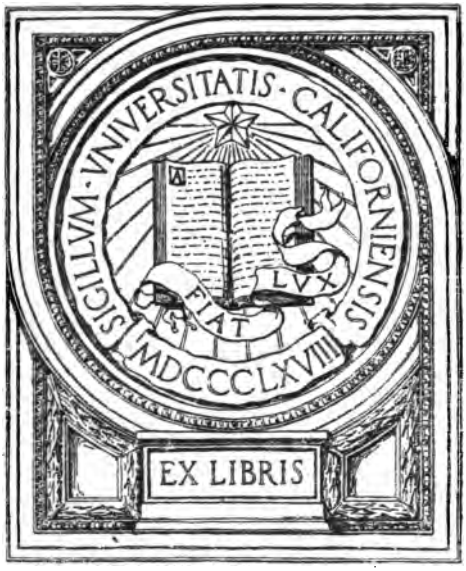

TURKEY AND THE TURKS.

BY

J. V. C. SMITH,

BOSTON:
JAMES FRENCH AND COMPANY.
NEW YORK: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.
1854.

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AUTHOR OF A PILGRIMAGE TO EGYPT, A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE, AND LETTERS FROM ANCIENT CITIES OF THE EAST.

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PREFACE.

SOON after returning from the Orient, several articles were written by me, on the social and political institutions of Turkey, for Mr. Gleason's beautiful *Pictorial*, which have been revised and extended in the following pages.

Minute statistical details have not been attempted. The volume, in a measure, is the epitome of a diary, regularly kept while travelling in the East, and originally intended for a domestic circle. These materials, prepared late at night, when the ordinary labors of the day were over, on the principle of economizing time, and preserving a recollection of interesting scenes and novel sights, while studying the peculiarities of a Mahommedan empire, may not strike others as they did me. A part, only, of what was gathered, is presented in this publication.

J. V. C. SMITH.

BOSTON, MAY, 1854.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

TURKEY AND THE TURKS.

CHAPTER I.

TRAVELLING IN TURKEY.

All travel on horseback — Provisions carried by travellers — Firman — Horses procured at government rates under the authority of the firman — Distances reckoned by hours, not miles — Couriers — A knowledge of the Italian language of great service to a foreign traveller — Khans — Sleeping accommodations — Turkish money — Backsheish — Coins — Spanish dollars much esteemed in the interior of the country — Great numbers of dogs — Achmet I. wished them destroyed — Dogs of small size — Legacies bequeathed to dogs by pious Moslems — Dogs confine themselves to their especial district of the city — Unsafe to go into the streets at night without a lantern — Turkish cities very gloomy in the evening.

One of the peculiarities of Turkey is, that all land travel must necessarily be performed on foot or on the back of the horse, ass, mule or camel. There is not a carriage road in the empire sufficiently smooth to trundle a wheelbarrow on. Mere paths are called roads; and they are frequently so indistinct, even on the great routes from one city to

another, that, without a guide familiar with the way, it would be impossible to find any given place distant a day's journey.

Provisions must be carried for the animals, as well as for their riders, and apparatus, too, for cooking. The food usually provided for journeying consists of coffee, sugar, prepared meats, hard bread, and fruits. At night, the caravansaries on the road are either yards or hovels. In cities, on the contrary, there are buildings immensely large for the accommodation of travellers.

It is a good precaution to obtain, through the aid of the consul or minister residing at Constantinople, and representing the traveller's country, a monstrosity called a firman. This is an official document, on a large sheet of strong, coarse paper, bearing the signet of the Sultan.

In case of rude treatment by the subjects of the Sublime Porte, on showing the firman to the first official to whom access can be had, he will bow his head, stroke his black beard, smoke tremendously, exclaim Bismillah! (God is great), and promise to do miracles in promotion of the complainant's objects. Under the authority of the firman, horses may be procured at the same price which the gov-

ernment pays when it presses them into the public service.

Distances are reckoned by hours, and never by miles or leagues — measurements of which the Turks are profoundly ignorant. In the interior, a good horse, accompanied by a groom to take care of him, usually costs fifty cents a day. When hired in the cities, the cost is from one to two piasters an hour. On completing the route for which the animal was hired, it is customary to pay a fee, under the name of backsheish, to the muleteer who has charge of the mule that carries the luggage. He bears the high-sounding title of *Bsurroudjee*. Couriers are always proffering their services; but they are knaves by profession, and it is quite easy to do without them.

A groom to go with the horses, one who can speak two or three of the languages of the country, is very desirable. A knowledge of the Italian is of very considerable assistance, for scarcely a town can be visited, on a general exploration, which does not contain some one who can speak it. A good servant of all work — an Armenian, or a Syrian, to officiate also as cook — adds much to the comfort of the traveller, and is an economical arrangement.

Khans are built on the four sides of a court, and are large one-story buildings, — rarely two. Into this enclosure, passing through a gate, which is closed at night, the animals are driven and unladen — always remaining, however, with the saddles on through the night. Here, throughout Turkey, they are hampered by fetters, or tied with a halter, and fed ; while the luggage is taken into a dark, sometimes windowless apartment, opening into the court. There are a series of small rooms, for the accommodation of strangers ; but they are without a particle of furniture of any kind. They have not even a lamp or cup, and no fuel is to be had. The apartments are dusty, dirty, and are usually swarming with vermin.

The bedding brought upon the mule is spread, and the traveller sleeps, if he can, in the midst of his effects. In the morning, a small fee is paid to a guardian, — *Kakhia ;* but who has the money is a question, since it is understood that khans, generally, are pious gifts to the public.

Smyrna has several large khans, and Damascus, the capital of Syria, possesses the best, in point of spaciousness, in the East. They exist, in various parts of the Orient, and invariably present the

same general features. The money of Turkey is a poor, debased coinage — half of the ostensible silver pieces being mere fish-scales in size and weight, with scarcely an appreciable amount of silver in them. Turkish gold coin is a little better, but that, too, is wofully debased, and no more of it should ever be taken than can probably be expended before leaving the country.

Very many of those who are met on the way will beg for backsheish, whether they have been before seen or not. And, for the sake of keeping upon good terms with them, the traveller gives to those he comes in contact with; for, from *fellahs*, or farmers, up to pashas, presents are supposed to make friends. No provision for making friendships, however, in that manner, is necessary. A pipe of tobacco goes as far as a piaster. The more money one gives, the sharper for it becomes the appetite of all who see him. When it is once known that an individual actually gives away gold or silver, he is expected constantly to repeat the operation.

The less show there is of means, the more secure is the traveller. A plenty of very small change will facilitate business amazingly; for if a piece cannot be exchanged for smaller coin, the hope

is instantaneously raised that it may all be kept; and therefore no one readily admits that he can change it.

A piaster is equivalent to about five cents; and forty paras make a piaster. There are half-piaster pieces, double-piasters, and even six-piaster pieces. A purse is five hundred piasters. A Spanish dollar varies from eighteen to twenty-two piasters, in value, according to place — it being worth more in the interior, where money is scarce, than in sea-ports, or large trading centres. Gold pieces, of twenty piasters, are in circulation, but it is not profitable to carry them about on jaunts, on account of the extreme difficulty there is in obtaining for them smaller change. A large silver coin, about the size of an American dollar, abounds in Turkey, but it is considerably debased with an alloy of copper. It is called a Mejida, in honor of Mejid, the reigning Sultan. The corresponding piece, during the reign of his father, was called a *Mahmoodie*. It appears to have become a custom to designate the largest silver coin by the name of the monarch whose name it bears, during whose reign it was coined.

All parts of Turkey abound with dogs, in

number past enumeration. They are a perpetual annoyance at night, on account of their incessant barking ; but they rarely move about much during the day. When a traveller in a Frank costume enters any small town or village, the dogs at once recognize him as a novelty, and set up a tremendous barking, which is echoed from one house-top to another, where, as in Egypt, they frequently repose, till the sun is down. A like uproarious recognition pursues him, on leaving, the following morning.

In 1603, Achmet I. ascended the throne. He was distinguished for hair-breadth escapes from danger; and once a dervish attempted his life. This monarch imagined that dogs propagated the plague, and many of them were killed by his directions ; but the mufti interposed his authority and saved the remainmainder, by asserting that each dog had a soul.

In all parts of the great city of Constantinople dogs are surprisingly numerous. They sleep by the sides of doors, on banks of filth; and litters of puppies seem to be placed where they may be most in the way. When a litter takes place, the householder nearest frequently builds, close to his own door, a small straw hut or kennel, whither the mother and her pups will resort. The inhabitants overlook

the unsightliness of these receptacles, because of the kindness of the deed. The dogs are without masters, and of course without names. Generally, they are small of stature, and of a dingy yellow color, with sharp thin jaws, full of wicked teeth, which they are disposed to show when disturbed. At night, however, they feel their influence, and take possession of the empire. Tolerated as scavengers, the usual accumulations, which in American cities are carted out for feeding swine, are thrown into the narrow lanes for those poor, half-famished animals. Many a Moslem bequeaths in his will a small sum, the interest of which is destined to feed the masterless canine race, and frequently porters are seen carrying loads of bad meat to be distributed to them. When arrived at a particular district, the porter makes a peculiar shrill cry, and the dogs hasten to receive their portion. Their incessant hunger, however, develops a ferocity that cannot be tamed or subdued by kindness.

Horses and dogs, when left to themselves, invariably organize under a form of government which is severe in its requirements, and infractions of it are punished by death. In South America, a single stallion in a herd of horses, by an unknown process,

takes their sovereignty into his own keeping, and maintains his dignity by the force of his heels. When old, and almost blind, his honors are accorded to him by a rising generation ; nor are there ever any attempts at usurpation while he is living. Dogs, on the other hand, do not appear to acknowledge any king. They divide themselves into sections, and district the city. Each division keeps to its own territory ; and any attempt to trespass on the grounds of others invariably leads to bloodshed, and not unfrequently to the death of the offender.

An oligarchy, or a regal administration, are equally out of the question among the dogs, — their instinctive system of government being unlike that of any other among animals, and bearing certainly no nearer approach to human combinations than the formation of tribes. No one dog appears to be clothed with more authority than another ; yet all in the menaced or depredated province will fight with equal ardor for the defence of their common rights.

In Egypt and Syria, all the large towns are thus subdivided among the canine race. I have seen dogs there lying dead in the streets, the result of their individual temerity in running for luck on the prop-

erty of others. Alexandria and Cairo exhibit, to a remarkable degree, these curious characteristics of uncivilized dogs. Even some of the principal thoroughfares in Cairo and Constantinople are so *tabooed* by the dogs that those on one side of a street dare not run across to the other. Young puppies get many a bloody ear from their elders, before they learn their privileges, or comprehend the rights of superiors. Throughout Turkey, therefore, it is not safe to go into the streets after dark without a light, for, if unaccompanied by it, a man might be instantly torn to pieces. The dogs are kept at bay by a light, and that may be the reason why the law is imperative that no one shall go abroad after dark without a lantern. It is allowable to beat them off with sticks, but no other weapon is permitted to be used against them. In 1810, there was a formal complaint made to the government that dogs near Tophana had been wounded by some of the officers of a British frigate in the harbor.

The Turkish cities are exceedingly gloomy in the evening. They are never lighted in any manner, are extremely narrow, and the houses are high. Not even the foreshadowing of each other can be seen, by approaching persons, before they run

against each other, to the astonishment of both parties. There are no amusements whatever to beguile the time, in Turkey or Egypt, except in Cairo, Constantinople, Alexandria and Smyrna. In each of those cities a few Italians have contrived to exhibit dances and small concerts; and in Constantinople they have a kind of theatre for the recreation of strangers. But these exhibitions are poorly sustained, command no talent, and consequently gain no reputation.

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

Religious observances — The Koran particularly indulgent to apostates — Honesty of the Turks — Intemperance unknown — Exceptions to the general temperance of the Turks — Invariably tell the truth — An American Captain and Turkish Custom-house officer — Courteousness of the Turks — They dress neatly — Fond of young children — Power of concealing their feelings — Customs of the Turks — Superstition of the Turks — The evil eye — Amulets and charms to defend the wearer from the influence of the evil eye — Origin of the fear of the evil eye not known.

UNDER all circumstances, and in all places, the Turk exhibits a religious fervor that will astonish a Christian. His prayers occupy his first thought in the morning; nor does he ever omit their prescribed number during the day. It matters not who may be present, nor what necessities are pressing; he will, on no account, omit the humbling of himself before the throne of the Eternal. Religious homage is not with him a mere hypocritical ceremony, with which to gain the applause of men, but a duty toward his Maker that is never neglected. All the followers of Mohammed are of course Unitarians. They believe in the omnipresence of God, in his

irrevocable decrees, his righteous ordinances; that Mohammed is his prophet, and that all who believe in him, and conform to his divine precepts will become inheritors of unutterable happiness, — resembling that enjoyed on earth, but superior in degree.

Such is the strength of the Mussulman's faith that he never supposes or admits the possibility of an error, or permits the intrusion of a religious doubt from any quarter. Despising all systems of religion or revelation differing from his own, he is perfectly tolerant of them all, — however unlike they may be to the Moslem creed, — provided that nothing is said or done disrespectful to the fold of the great Prophet of his adoration.

Religion there is a powerful machine, controlled by the state. When all other resources have failed, an appeal to the religious principles of the people will rouse them to the highest point of desperation, and even to fury. A war of extermination is the penalty for assaulting the national faith, even where there is but little hope of gratifying a revenge for the insult, if of the gravest kind. Life to them, without religion, would not be worth having. Death has no terrors to a Mohammedan, nor does

he entertain a single doubt in respect to his condition hereafter. Since the Koran is particularly indulgent to those who embrace its precepts, its followers not only live in unrestrained physical indulgence here, as a reward for unshaken compliance with the revealed law of Heaven expressed in its bright pages, but they fully anticipate, in the paradise of the Prophet, pleasures transcendently greater, with an unlimited capacity for their never-tiring enjoyment.

Honesty, in all the details of their social, political, or commercial intercourse, is characteristic of the Turks. They cannot conceive of any motive for being otherwise. They, therefore, commit fewer crimes, as such are estimated by the Christian code, than disgrace the countries which boast of their civilization, refinements, nice sense of honor, and Christian obligations.

A large number of misdemeanors, which multiply criminals, and tenant prisons to repletion with us, are not recognized as infractions of any law, either human or divine, in the Mohammedan code. Intemperance is a vice nearly unknown in Turkey, or in its dependencies, except in the sad and mortifying exhibitions there made of it by nominal Christians.

Consequently, a fruitful avenue to crime is closed by immovable barriers.

There have been, however, a few mortifying instances of sad departures from the national temperance on the part of some of the Sultans; but it very rarely occurs in a subject. Amurath IV., who reigned from 1623 to 1624, was a drunkard. He used ardent spirit to an excess that would destroy the best constitution in a little time. He was but thirty-one when death stopped his terrible career of almost unparalleled dissipation. Singular as it may appear, and contrary to the ordinary family pride of the Sultans, who seek to keep alive enough of the select blood-royal to preserve the throne, Amurath indulged the idea of extinguishing the dynasty, which he thought might be effected by killing his only remaining brother, Ibrahim; but, before the plan could be accomplished, he suddenly died. Mahmoud II., the thirtieth monarch on the Ottoman throne, crowned in 1808, was also notoriously intemperate. He was a splendid-looking man, kingly in his bearing, unceasingly energetic, and distinguished, beyond any of his predecessors, for efforts to advance the people, by introducing some of the elements of European civilization; yet he

died of *delirium tremens*, leaving a great empire in a far better condition than he found it, and a cellar stocked, like an English nobleman's, with an immense quantity of the choicest wines and ardent spirits.

The religious element is inborn, and, as it is developed and cultivated without interfering with the physiological laws and tendencies of their being, it is cherished with an ardor and fervency inconceivably strong, because it grasps at a further and interminable indulgence after death. To neglect or abandon their religion, therefore, would be the total destruction of their prospects in the realms of bliss.

The Turks invariably tell the truth, because they have no motive for deception. The Greeks, on the other hand, are notorious for their lying propensity, and the habitual practice of it. It was a pointed rebuke of a humble Moslem, that the Greek religion allows its professors to lie. In trade, their proverbial adherence to every stipulation is creditable, in the highest degree, to the national character. Neither bond or note is requisite, even in large commercial negotiations. If a merchant agrees to deliver a thousand boxes of figs in Smyrna on a given day, they are there at the time agreed. It is related that an American captain, having dis-

charged a cargo on the landing at Constantinople, when night came on he expressed apprehensions at the custom-house that it would be impossible, before dark, to get all the bales into a building where they would be secure. "Give yourself no uneasiness, Frangee," said the principal officer; "they will be perfectly safe, even if exposed all night — nothing will be stolen, for there is not a Christian in the neighborhood."

The Turk is particularly calm, even under very trying circumstances. While he smokes in his moments of vexation, he apparently never thinks. If an impulse moves him to cut a Frank's throat, he smokes to the last whiff without betraying the slightest agitation. When the pipe is laid aside, then, in the twinkling of an eye, he is transformed into a fiend, who takes satisfaction in glutting himself with blood.

They are of all men the most courteous. These observations, of course, apply to the best specimens of them, and not to the laboring classes, among whom the worst features of Moslem bigotry and rudeness predominate. They dress neatly, but oddly when contrasted with European fashions. Still, their style is the more comfortable, and does far less injury to

health. No carotids or jugulars of a Turk are unnaturally compressed by a cravat, to invite death by apoplexy. They never torture their heads with hard, unyielding hats, nor breed corns on their toes by shoes too small for the feet. Salaams are gracefully performed, and their salutations a succession of benedictions. There is a degree of calmness in their expression, and a mildness in the eye, that ill accord with that ferocity which bursts forth when the sleeping lion is roused. Treachery, acquisitiveness, and uncontrolled and undisguised selfishness, are prominent and all-absorbing traits of their character.

Although excessively fond of young children, especially boys, their parental affection appears to decline as the offshoots increase in years, till ultimately they manifest little or no interest in them. Love for their wives, like that which cements such relations in Christian countries, is out of the question. They are destitute of moral sentiment. Hence, a divorce may follow any whim or excitement of temper; and the market is always supplied with material for filling any vacant niche in the household. Wives are to be had of any description — the more accomplished commanding the highest prices.

The power of concealing their real feelings, either of hatred or approval, is even more adroitly managed by them than by the American Indians. When their passions are let loose, like tigers from a cage, nothing short of absolute physical exhaustion subdues their intensity. When the causes that roused them to madness, either love or revenge, have passed away, they become docile, bland and mild, as the moonbeams.

In the arrangement of every-day life, whether of business or pleasure, the Turks do nothing as we do. They sit on the floor, and not in chairs; shave their heads, but never the beard; wear turbans instead of hats, which they keep on in the house, where we uncover. Their shoes are left at the door, but we wear them in. Instead of beds, they repose on divans, — cushions piled up on low wooden benches, — sleeping at night in the dress worn through the day. In eating, they use their fingers, and not knives or forks. Smoking is the leading pursuit, from youth to age. Wives are purchased, not won. Women in Turkey are shut up in harems, guarded by servants; with us, they go where they choose, and look after the servants. There they are uniformly veiled; with us they show

their faces. They wear pantaloons also, while the men go without.

The Turks are very superstitious; for which they assign no reason. One of their strongest apprehensions, and to guard against which all proper precautions are taken, is the influence of the *evil eye* on the present condition and future prospects of individuals. There are men, supposed to be wise in matters of futurity, who furnish minute directions for warding off various calamities, and are held in peculiar respect; for, without such, the Turks could not anticipate the decrees supposed to emanate from another world, nor stay the maledictions of evil spirits.

The evil eye is uniformly dreaded by all Moslem believers. They shudder at the thought of its imaginary awful blight. They regard as truly fortunate those who possess charms to withstand the terrific and incalculable effects that might arise from the mere gaze of an infidel. No other malign influences are supposed to equal the bright eye of a Christian; and consequently the clear-sighted Mahometan endeavors always to be guarded and steeled against it. Even the most ignorant Arabs of the desert defend their camels, asses and chil-

dren, from this dreaded pollution, by suspending from them sentences of the Koran, sewed in little bags. I have often seen young camels and donkeys thus protected in various parts of Syria, and also in the interior of the desert of Arabia. At a well-known watering-place, called Albarouke, on the route from Cairo in Egypt to the Holy Land, I saw a vast many brood and young camels thus fortified against contingencies.

Servants in Constantinople are frequently met carrying children in their arms for air and exercise, on the fronts of whose little caps and miniature turbans are sacred words finely wrought in silver, and sometimes in splendid diamonds. *Mashallah* (in the name of God) often stands out prominently.

On the way to an exhibition of *dancing dervishes*, one morning, in Pera, I passed a servant carrying a richly-dressed, beautiful boy, of perhaps two years of age, on the fore-part of whose head-dress was a line set with brilliants of a very costly character, which a friend translated thus: "Look not with evil intent on what God has given."

While the poorer but equally devout subjects of the Sultan cannot afford to spell their holy sentences with diamonds, they hold in equal abhorrence the

glare of a foreign stranger's optics. So they meet the difficulty with paper scraps, written by a priest. They expect that the worst of consequences must necessarily follow the wicked look of a Christian, whom they regard as an uncircumcised wretch, who takes pleasure in blasting the happiness of the faithful. How this idea first originated, has not been explained. That it has been kept up by the priesthood, who derive a very satisfactory revenue from this universal dread of the evil eye, is quite probable. The Greek, Jew, Armenian and Christian, are all considered capable of inflicting the bane.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF TURKEY.

Titles — Mahmoud II. died of delirium tremens — Abdul Medjid — Description of Abdul Medjid — His sons — Fathers and sons implacable enemies — Bajazet II. — Selim his son — Mohammed III. — A royal nephew unknown in Turkey — Death of the sister of the present Sultan — Astrologers favorites of the Kadines — 92 of the Omiad dynasty put to death — The Kadines of a deceased Sultan not allowed to enter the harem of any other person — Anecdote of Abdul Medjid — Tolerance of Abdul Medjid.

SULTAN, pronounced *Sooltan*, is the ordinary title of the reigning sovereign; but in the state papers he is called *Padisha*, or the father of all kingly rulers; *Imaum ul Musleminn*, Pontiff of Mussulmans; *Alem Penah*, Refuge of the World; Zil-ullah, Shadow of God; and *Hunkiar*, The Slayer of Men.

Mahmoud II., the father of the present Sultan, was a man of extraordinary energy, and truly imperial in his bearing. His face was exceedingly expressive, and his powers of mind far in advance of the nation which he ruled. He guarded with vigilance his own prerogatives; and, to secure the throne against the contingency of an attack from the janizaries, he butchered them by wholesale.

In ridding the empire of an ungovernable, ferocious body of soldiers, who had discovered that they could make or unmake Sultans at their pleasure, he laid a foundation for the personal security of the sovereign, which none of his predecessors had enjoyed, although armed with the power of life and death.

Either Mahmoud was a lax worshipper at the shrine of Mahomet, of whom he was a lineal descendant, or intemperance, a vice regarded in Turkey as confined exclusively to Christian sects, had obtained an ascendency over him which he had not the moral courage to withstand. It is a matter of history that he actually died a victim to habitual intemperance, the last moments of his life being a death struggle with delirium tremens.

His successor, the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, was taken from the harem as soon as Mahmoud had breathed his last, was placed on horseback, had the great sword of state buckled on, and rode through the narrow streets of Constantinople for the multitude to see him, while the roar of artillery announced the commencement of a new reign. When this event took place, the youthful Sultan was but seventeen years of age. What could he have

known of government, or of the disposition or tendencies of the empire?

The procession led off towards the old seraglio, that mysteriously arranged cluster of palaces, in which the orgies and murders, through a long line of half-savage despots, have been conducted in a way which no tongue has dared to reveal. Still lying on the death-divan, the body of Mahmoud had not been dressed in a shroud, when Medjid arrived in one of the state apartments, where were to be commenced the first exhibitions of his uncontrolled majesty.

One of the American missionaries, who has resided twenty-nine years in the capital of Turkey, was an eye-witness of the magnificent pageantry of this public display, when the timid boy was inaugurated the ruler of nearly forty millions of subjects. He informed me that, when evening arrived, the young king's good old aunt sent him a present of seven beautiful female slaves, to commence his royal establishment.

Such is the force of custom, that such a measure was necessary to give dignity and honor to the throne of the grand Sultan of Turkey! Although Androssi, and other commentators on their institu-

tions, assert that a few days after the death of a Sultan, the successor is inaugurated by having the sword of Osman girded upon him by the superior of the whirling dervishes, they have made a mistake. Certain it is that Sultan Medjid was taken from the seraglio immediately after the death of his extraordinary father, the most determined and kingly of his race; followed by the Ulemas, and all the great dignitaries of state, to the Mosque of Eyaub, where the august, semi-barbaric ceremony of putting him in possession of unlimited authority was completed. Eyaub was a dear and intimate friend of Mahomet, which explains the preference given to the venerated mosque that bears his name. Instead of Osman's sword, a new one is provided on each inauguration, and the whole series, safely deposited in the arsenal, which may be seen by infidels, are choicely kept as historical memorials.

Medjid is a man of medium height, of slender build, with a lack-lustre eye, a fatigued expression of face, and a very black beard. He is represented to be a man of good intentions, but is neither brilliant, remarkable nor original, in any respect, aside from the dignity of his position. He has one brother, who is claimed by the dissatisfied party — those

opposed to progression, which they conceive to consist in the introduction of the customs and fashions of the Christian nations of Europe. They look up to the Sultan's brother as the representative and hope of the orthodox school of Mussulmans.

Both custom and policy require that a prince standing so near the throne should be kept out of sight. In case of any popular commotion, he might unexpectedly stand in the way of the Sultan, as was the case when Mahmoud was substituted for his imperial brother, without a moment's warning, and the janizaries strangled their royal victim. Medjid has three sons, but has never been married. No such tie as matrimony is required of the commander of the faithful. Should he happen to die before his brother, the never seen heir apparent would instantly be brought forward, instead of either of the Sultan's children, — the law of usage being imperative that the oldest male branch of the imperial family shall inherit the sword and its appurtenances. Former Sultans never flinched from putting their brothers to death immediately, when either affection, policy or ambition, prompted them to have one of their own children stand next to the throne. Fathers and sons become implacable

enemies when the Ottoman empire is in view. All fraternal feelings are at once broken, among brothers, when the great prize is before their eyes.

Bajazet II., proclaimed in 1481, abdicated the seat of power in 1512; but whether voluntarily or by compulsion has not been satisfactorily ascertained. Selim, however, his son and successor, selected a place of retreat and security for him, with some show of affection, but at the same time had him poisoned by a physician.

Mahomet III. succeeded his father in 1595, and immediately ordered all the *Odaliques* of the seraglio, who were or might possibly be pregnant by his predecessor, to be drowned; and the very day he came into power, the monster put to immediate death nineteen of his own brothers. His excesses brought him to a premature death in 1603.

A royal nephew is an unheard of personage in Turkey. A brother or sister of the Sultan is not permitted, under any pretext whatever, to allow a male child to live. The exactions of the Divan also extend to remote relations: even the son of a niece is strangled instantly after birth. The unsleeping vigilance of the great officers of state, — through the eunuchs, the *Kislar Aga* (chief of the black

eunuchs) and his minions, — anticipates the possibility of saving a boy of royal blood alive, however distant his relationship to the Padisha.

It is a well-known fact that the sister of the present Sultan, Mihr ou Mah Sultana, daughter of Mahmoud II., was given by her father in marriage to Said Pasha, and that her life was a murderous sacrifice to the barbarous law of the royal seraglio. She was fully assured of the impossibility of saving her child, about to be born, should it be a male; and, with a view to gratify her father, she resolved to forestall a dreaded murder, by procuring an abortion. One of those who practise the art of fœtal murder as a distinct profession was employed, and both mother and child perished. The princess breathed her last in horrible convulsions. Mahmoud actually wept at the dreadful intelligence, and swore that no more infantile lives should be sacrificed to meet the requisitions of so horrible a policy. But the Sultan himself died a few months after, before another case occurred to test his resolution. I have seen the sarcophagus of the unfortunate princess, a few feet from the body of her father, amongst those of her brothers and sisters, in the magnificent royal mausoleum. In 1842, Ateya, meaning the

pure, another sister of Sultan Medjid, and wife of Halil Pasha, was in the family way. The astrologers — who are tools of the court, and through the agency of the eunuchs in the service of the *kadines*, the favorite wives of the Sultan — predicted that the child would be a son. She had already had one, that was strangled immediately after being ushered into the world. Halil, being vastly rich, and also powerful, from his position as a brother-in-law of the Sultan, exerted every influence money could accomplish in the way of bribes, to save the innocent unborn, should it prove to be a male. Even the mother of Medjid, the Sultana Uilida, whose position was exalted in all respects, brought her maternal influence to bear on the Sultan, in behalf of his sister. So adroitly were the determinations of the Divan conducted, that the deluded mother — for she bore a beautiful boy — gloried in having triumphed over the bloody usages of her royal family, and she nursed and fondled the sweet infant with a rapture a mother only can comprehend. In the mean while, the mothers of the Sultan's three sons gave Medjid no peace, declaring that Ateya's prince might live, perhaps, to supersede their own. The fatal word was given, and

when Ateya, on awakening, the morning following the order, told the attendants to bring the darling of her heart from the rich cradle, they handed a lifeless body! Shocked beyond expression, the wretched mother was thrown into fearful convulsiens. On their partial subsidence, a delirium supervened, and, seventy-five days after, she died, a victim of the most wicked and demoralizing policy that ever disgraced humanity. I have also seen her sarcophagus, in proximity with the others of the family.

It is rare that more than three of the Sultan's own male offspring are permitted to live; and all other male relations to the throne are absolutely cut off in the first dawn of existence. When a Sultan has no male children, then state policy requires that a brother's child should be held in the light of heir apparent. Ninety-two of the Omiad dynasty were put to death, on one occasion, by order of the Abbaside Kaliph Abdullah I., simply because they had royal blood in their veins.

In the harem of the Sultan, the number of children annually born is estimated to be very large; not one of them is permitted to live unless its mother is a kadine, — one of a select number, rarely

exceeding seven, who only are recognized as capable of bearing royal children. They are chosen from the odaliques, — beautiful females of the imperial harem, — generally Circassians and Georgians, and purchased when children. No marriage ceremony takes place: the Sultan may dismiss any or all of them at his pleasure, and install a new set. Those outliving him can never enter the harem of another, or be married. When a Sultan dies, the kadines are removed to the Eskai Serai, to end their days in perfect solitude.

Some good anecdotes are related of Mejid, that show him to be honest, inclined to benevolence, justice, and sometimes to playfulness, — although it is extremely difficult for a being, placed at the top of the dizzy pinnacle he occupies, to relax from the solemn dignity with which the throne is invested. Just before my arrival at Constantinople, the Sultan, accompanied by his sons, one day happened to pass by a small Italian theatre, that has been erected for the amusement of foreigners. Seeing the edifice, he inquired what it was for. When informed that plays were exhibited there, he declared that he would go in and inspect it. It was with some difficulty that the janitor could be found, it being

about noon. His high majesty, however, made an entrance, and commanded a play to be commenced! Everybody was put upon a whirl, like a tee-totum, in pursuit of the company, who were gathered, with extreme difficulty, from different parts of the city.

Brought together in such haste, by order of the Sultan, the poor fellows arrived, out of breath, exhausted, and in a state of apprehension, not knowing but a bow-string was ready for their necks. It was impossible to commence acting under such circumstances, even had the piece been commanded. Mejid looked on with astonishment, that people could be simpletons enough to derive pleasure from a theatrical performance! His reasoning was on the principle of the savage, who, putting a single feather under his body on a clean stone, and finding himself not made comfortable by it, wondered that the English could sleep on a bed of feathers.

As it was extensively circulated that some kind of commotion had occurred at the theatre, a crowd collected, staring and waiting to ascertain what was transpiring within. Thinking it might be a fine sight to have the house full, it was no sooner thought than said, and the Sultan gave directions for filling the seats instanter, from the rabble without. A new

phase now came over the multitude, and away they fled, as fast as their legs could carry them, — fearing, in turn, that their heads might be wanted in the public service. Enough, however, were forced in for his majesty to observe the effect, when he withdrew without comment, and the subjects of the Sublime Porte made their exit, ejaculating, "*Allah Kerim!*" God is great.

That Mejid is tolerant, is obvious from the protection given by the government to all denominations of worshippers, whether Christians, Jews, or others. His council have had the sagacity to discover that there is progress in the world, and that Turkey cannot prevent intercourse, nor maintain its antiquated civil and military institutions, in the flood of light that is pouring in from abroad. Mahmoud saw it, and profited by what was obvious — that "knowledge is power." The reforms he introduced in the discipline of the army, by a less bloody administration than characterized his predecessors, influenced his successor, whose policy, with a naturally amiable temper, has vastly increased the happiness of Turkey, and the security of the lives and property of strangers.

CHAPTER IV.

OFFICERS OF STATE.

Grand Vizier — Divan — Seraskier Pasha, &c. — Prefect of Police — Grand Mufti — Eunuchs — Kislar Agha — Eunuchs bring large prices — White eunuchs — Eunuchs in request in Asia Minor from the earliest ages — A German woman midwife to the Sultan's harem — Officers of the Sultan's household — The principal military officers Europeans — The physicians in Constantinople principally foreigners — Great numbers of clerks in all the public offices in Constantinople — Writers in the service of the Sultan.

THE Grand Vizier, next to the Sultan, is, theoretically, the first and most important personage in the government. And yet the black eunuch, who, from the peculiarity of his functions, is constantly brought in contact with the sovereign, is truly more influential, and has a better opportunity of biasing the opinions of his master, than any other man in the nation, however exalted may be his official station.

A council of ministers is termed the Divan, of which the Sadrazan, or Vizier, is president. The Kaimakan is a singular kind of officer, who is commissioned to represent the Grand Vizier in proces-

sions, when that official happens to dislike the occasion or fatigue of the ceremony; or he represents the Vizier in the department of state, on certain occasions, when that exalted functionary takes it into his head not to appear before the people.

The *Seraskier Pasha* is commander in chief of the land forces. *Tophdgi Pasha* is the commander of the artillery. *Capudan Pasha* is the commander or high admiral of the navy, and has absolute authority in whatever relates to the marine forces. Subordinate to him is the *Tersana Emina*, minister of marine, or, as the name imports, inspector of the arsenals, or ships. *Reis Effendi* is secretary of state for foreign affairs. *Tefterdar Effendi* is minister of finance. *Kiaja Bey* is minister of the interior; and the *Chiaoush Bashi*, minister of justice.

The *Stamboul Effendi* is the prefect of police in Constantinople, who has charge of the public tranquillity and security. The *Sheikh Islam* is the Grand Mufti, being the head and fountain of religion, and also of the law. Whenever it is his master's pleasure to put him to death, an ancient custom of the empire requires it to be done in no other way than by pounding him in a mortar. Im-

mediately below these, in the administrative department, are various orders of dignitaries, quite too numerous to particularize in this brief outline of the organization of the government. In all respects they correspond to the public servants in other countries, of the several grades necessary for conducting the machinery of state. The only essential difference consists in their names, more than in their duties. The royal household, however, is conducted wholly unlike any other imperial establishment on earth; and, naturally enough, took the direction which polygamy and exhaustless resources would be most likely to assume. Without narrating the customs that were formerly dominant, when the Kislar Aga had almost exclusively the Sultan's ear, and combined with the great office of keeper of the maidens that of a minister of state, only the court etiquette of to-day will be considered.

One of the barbarities of the domestic establishment of the Sultan is the large body of black and white eunuchs. They are poor, feeble, half-developed creatures, so maimed and degraded in boyhood, that they may be spies and masters over a collection of the most beautiful females that can be procured. They are, of course, without families or relatives.

Some of them, who have been favorites, either with the Sultan or the ladies, have occasionally amassed considerable money. This is winked at in them, when it would not be tolerated in others.

Their position is in all respects singular, and far from being enviable in the estimation of the masses. If an error should be detected in one of the ladies, woe to the eunuch! his head would be chopped off as quickly as an offending odalique would be drowned in a sack.

Those who have made themselves familiar with the duties of the various confidential officers about the Sultan, and of his immediate family household, concur in this, that the Kislar Agha has unlimited authority over the females of the royal apartments. He enters or goes out at his pleasure. His is the most confidential post within the gift of the ruler. He is, of course, a eunuch, an African, and a purchased slave. His title is Dar-us Saidet Aghaci, which means, literally, master of the palace of felicity — ranking in office with the Vizier. In going to mosque with the Sultan, he follows the Capudan Pasha.

The present Kislar Agha is quite a small person, and very black. He and his assistants are

spies upon the kadines, and all other females in the royal palaces and harem. Some of them, through the munficience of their imperial sovereigns, have accumulated large fortunes, which, invariably, fall to the Sultan at their decease, as does that of their superior.

Eunuchs are sure to bring large prices, if they are well grown, properly trained, and are mutilated in the improved manner — an awful maiming process, exceedingly destructive to life; for scarcely one in twenty survives the revolting operation to which they are subjected while boys. In my "Pilgrimage to Egypt" is given a detailed account of the cruelties practised upon poor African lads, to fit them for being safe servants in the harems of Egypt, Persia, and Turkey. These eunuchs seem to feel the importance of their position, and conduct themselves over their dependants with a haughtiness of carriage becoming more dignified personages. They are petted, both by the ladies and their proprietor, for the sake of the favors at their disposal. In the harems of pashas their duties are precisely what they are in that of the palace; but the position is not so influential nor lucrative.

A degree of mystery hangs over the origin of the

white eunuchs. We saw several of them sitting listlessly about the corridors of the unique building, within the old seraglio enclosure. They had small features, were beardless, imperfectly developed, and had a feeble, shocking gait. Where they are procured, by whom they are emasculated, their price, or the duties assigned to them, could not be satisfactorily ascertained. I am inclined to the opinion that black are in higher repute than white eunuchs.

In Asia Minor, from the earliest ages, eunuchs have been in request, and for the same purposes that they are still prized in Mahommedan countries, namely, to guard the females of harems. This shows that polygamy has been an institution, or rather an outrage on the rights of the sex, for thousands of years; and the only hope of their emancipation, and the recognition of their rights, depends wholly on the benign influence of Christianity, to be exerted where the darkness of Mahommedanism has debased and demoralized so large a portion of the human race.

A gentleman familiar with the language, and who interested himself in procuring facilities for conducting investigation, in Constantinople, proposed to make me acquainted with a German woman who has been the accoucheur of the Sultan's harem ever

since he assumed the reins of government. On account of the extraordinary revelations it was in her power to make, — illustrative of the internal economy of that blue chamber where no *natural man* ever enters, save his imperial highness the Padisha himself, who is styled, in those mysterious premises, Shadow of God, — I regret that I did not have the interview.

This gentleman assured me that, if the woman referred to had a mind to write simply what from actual observation she knew of the harem, its varied transactions of all kinds and hues, it would be astounding beyond conception. To my regret, circumstances not easily controlled, — being in company with persons who were in haste to leave for Greece, — the interview was prevented. She will doubtless be paid her price for keeping still; for, were she to return to Germany, and make a book, what a work it would be!

A *Caftan Agassi*, keeper of the robes; *Tootoondgi*, or head pipe-keeper; *Tehoka-dar*, chief of the indoor servants; *Khasnadar*, treasurer; *Cafidgi Bushi*, coffee-keeper; *Kilardgi Aga*, store-keeper; *Sofradgi Bushi*, table ornamenter; *Berbee Bushi*, barber; *Imrakhar*, groom of the stables; *Buyuk*

Embrohor, master of the horse; *Vekil-harj Aga*, clerk of the kitchen; *Hareem Kihuyassi*, harem provider; *Ashdgi Bushi*, head cook; *Hareem Agassi*, first eunuch; *Saire Bushi*, first groom; *Saraidar*, first factotum, are all important fellows in their way. Of the eyalets, or provinces, into which Turkey is subdivided, it is sufficient to remark, that each has its court, with a president, under the title of *Mollah*, and a Mufti, or Attorney. A Sanjiak is a province in which a great law-officer, a *Kadi*, with his inferior assistants, resides.

Some of the most eminent and skilful military commanders in Turkey are Europeans. The hope of promotion, large compensation, the privilege of keeping an establishment, a hatred of their own country from the persecutions they may have endured, are among the causes which have induced them to seek their fortunes in the Turkish service. Their first step is to embrace Mahommedanism, their names at the same time being generally changed. Thus, Omar Pasha is a Croat, and was claimed as a political refugee by the Austrian government of the Turkish government, not many years since. Engineers, artillery-men, bombardiers, sappers, surgeons and musicians, from France, Italy and

Germany, abound. Excellent mechanics, and nearly all the sailors in the government service, are Greeks.

Most of the physicians in Constantinople are foreigners. Those attached to the royal household, seven in number, — one of whom is required to lodge wherever the Sultan may stop for the night, — are accomplished English, French and German gentlemen, who are munificently compensated for their attentions. In the medical schools, instituted by Mahmoud II., and still actively sustained, the professors are foreigners. No Turk has yet been found competent, if he had the ambition, to instruct his countrymen in science or the arts. They are tolerably good manufacturers of small articles, such as shoes, pipes, copper articles, &c.; but they have no capacity for mechanical enterprise, as is required in ship-building or cotton factories.

In Constantinople, the number of clerks attached to all and every grade of office, for conducting the state and municipal affairs, is enormously large. Blanks not being printed to any extent, and the utility of the press in facilitating business being apparently unknown, or, at least, not acknowledged, the government in those respects is precisely in the condition of the kingdoms of Europe before

the discovery of printing. All records and documents are executed with a pen. Accuracy and despatch, therefore, require a vast body of writers; and a censor, to see that mistakes are not made, is indispensable. There are, perhaps, in Constantinople, in the service of the Sultan, five thousand pen-clerks, whose pay is quite small. As with us, the heads of departments, however unimportant they may be, get all the emolument, and do but little themselves; while, to the real laborers, who sustain the fatigue and drudgery, scarcely enough is paid to sustain life.

CHAPTER V.

THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

Antiquity of Polygamy — Mahommed unable to prevent polygamy — Women in low estimation with the mass of the people — Women an article of trade — Seclusion of the harem and its inmates — The Kadine who bears the first prince has preëminence in the harem — The incomes of the Sultan's aunts, sisters and daughters, derived from taxes imposed on the products of certain districts — The Kadines have equal rights — Kadines not called wives.

WITHOUT circumlocution, the fact may be promptly stated, that polygamy is an institution that has been sustained and nurtured by the Turks in every stage of their history. They did not originate it, nor have they essentially modified the system; for it has existed from the days of Lamech, of a remote antiquity, who was the first notable that, in the quaint language of the Old Testament, "took unto him two wives."

Some physiologists, in search of an apology for that perverse custom, look to the unalterable laws of physiology, in the influence of the climate of the East; but the Christian philosopher, the philanthropist, and all who acknowledge that females have

political rights, social claims, religious hopes and accountabilities, are horror-stricken at the promulgation of a doctrine so repugnant to the moral sense, and the supposed revealed will of God.

At an early period — far back in the patriarchal days of nomadic simplicity — the vice of polygamy and concubinage was firmly established through all phases of society. In every country of the Orient, among the most refined as well as with barbarians, the usage of having more than one wife has prevailed, and still remains universal.

When Mahommed developed his plan for regenerating the people of his day, who had plunged into an universal corruption of manners and idolatry, he originated nothing new in the marital relations, but simply incorporated with his own a practice already venerable for its age. He had the sagacity to perceive that it would be impossible to legislate against a plurality of wives, had he entertained the idea of doing so; and, therefore, when he defined the rights of his faithful followers, being careful to show them sufficient indulgence, in case four legal helpmates should be insufficient to occupy all the space in their capacious hearts, he allowed them, under another name, as many females as they

chose to procure. But all beyond the prescribed number were to be nothing more than purchased servants, — at the perfect disposal of their absolute proprietors.

Writers of distinction, not unfrequently, resolutely assert that this odious feature in the organization of Moslem society is wearing away, and, with this declaration, high hopes are expressed of a complete revolution, which must unquestionably elevate female character, and signally change the entire moral aspect of Turkey. This is really ridiculous, and without foundation. The very life and perpetuity of Mahommedanism is based essentially on polygamy. When that is willingly abandoned, then the very government will cease to exist.

On account of the immense cost of maintaining four wives in equal state, — which is an expensive affair with a great Turkish dignitary, — even the richest among them have found that economy required their household disbursements to be regulated according to their ability to meet them without pecuniary embarrassment. To this end, therefore, the installation of one wife is quite enough for a multitude of discreet, money-loving gentlemen, in long beards and turbans; but they solace themselves

for the deprivation of what the Koran allows, by purchasing scores of female servants, of all ages and complexions. These can neither demand as a conceded right, nor expect, in the relation they bear to the purchaser, the jewels, slaves or indulgences, which exclusively appertain to the first lady of the harem.

By this means, domestic establishments are gradually formed from small beginnings, — according to the ability, ambition, and perhaps other considerations, of the owner, — till a very numerous family is collected.

A similar method is practised among the opulent in Egypt. Economy in this respect is there studied with far more concern by the upper classes than by the poor fellahs, who are sometimes actually obliged to steal millet from the growing stalk to keep from starvation; yet those very wretched people rejoice, oftener than otherwise, in a full complement of four wives; but they never recklessly attempt the additional luxury of female associates, like the rich residents of Cairo. This observation applies with equal pertinency to all the dependencies of the viceroy of the land of the pyramids, that it does to those of his august sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey.

One of the anomalies of Mahommedan countries, more striking than all others, considering their devotion to the precepts of the Prophet, is the low estimate in which women are held by the masses. Necessary as they are, and coveted too, as an important element, and indispensable to the social structure in its best estate, they are but menials of the lowest order. Even their lives are at the mercy of those who ought, by the constitution of their nature, to cherish, protect and elevate them.

There are, beyond question, instances of sincere affection on the part of husbands; and of their children, whether born of Circassians or of natives of Mozambique, they are excessively fond, as a natural trait. But, with all this, no efforts are undertaken to give them a position that corresponds with that held by women where Christianity is revered.

In the course of these prelections, instances may be cited of the existence of female genius. With proper mental culture, there is no calculating the extent of the poetical resources, aside from all others, which many a splendid woman in Turkey might have possessed, and who would have exercised the highest order of abilities for the advancement of the

sex, could her latent powers have been developed, but who has passed away without leaving a trace of her footsteps on earth. Nothing is doing, nor can anything be done, for their advancement, without running counter to the dogmas of the prescribed religious creed.

Woman in Turkey is an article of trade, and, unless presented distinctly as a gift, she is bought and sold without being consulted or apologized to, under any form of destiny to which she is driven; but, although thus degraded and trodden into the dust, she is not as wretched as might at first be supposed, because she is ignorant of the depths of her degradation. In the relations which she bears to her children, true to the instincts of her being, she is still an angel in character, and a beauty in form. With no hold upon the affections of man beyond those inspired by physical organization, she lives and dies without knowing the multitude of wrongs she has suffered.

Whoever visits Constantinople expresses his astonishment at the exterior precautions that, from the commencement of the imperial Turkish rule to the present day, have been taken to guard the royal household from the contamination of vulgar

eyes. Of the internal arrangements of the establishments occupied by ladies, but very little is known, beyond an inspection of their apartments when unoccupied. Curiosity has prompted many European ladies of distinction, the wives of ambassadors, and others residing at the Turkish court, to gain access to the kadines, — *the select*, — the mothers of the Sultan's living children; but their curiosity has not been gratified. They have seen enough, however, to surprise them in the harems of the great dignitaries; but the interior of the imperial residence of bliss — to use an Orientalism — has been denied them.

Such facts only are here given as have been gathered from a reliable source, and from my own personal examination of the apartments formerly occupied by a succession of imperial kadines, up to the death of Mahmoud II.

The fortunate kadine who bears the first prince has preëminence over all other females of the harem, but she has no title until her son arrives at the throne. From what is known of the number of females belonging to the late Sultan, it is probable that from three to five hundred, including all orders of female slaves, constitute the present establish-

ment. No catalogue of them, of course, is ever published; but, from the fact that thirty millions of piastres, equal to five hundred and fifty-four thousand six hundred dollars, is taken annually from the public treasury for the support of that branch of the Sultan's demands, it is morally certain that there is a large number of them.

A cash income of one hundred and ten thousand pounds, as represented by an English writer, who gathered his information from official sources, belonged exclusively to the mother of the present Sultan. His aunts, sisters and daughters, are specifically supplied with large incomes, derived from products of the earth in certain districts or islands. One has a tax on all the oranges sold at Naxos; another, that on the wines of some particular place; and so on. The fortunate mother of Sultan Mejid, the Vilada Sultana, whose name is Berma Allem (ornament of the universe), was a Georgian slave. Her death occurred about the middle of 1853. She is said to have been a woman of unusual energy, and exercised a good influence over the Sultan, her son. He was fond of her, and listened to her advice.

In early life, she had had elementary Christian

instruction, but was careful to conceal it in the high position she occupied. It is likewise said of Berma Allem that she had a love for trade, and actually embarked, through confidential agents, considerable sums in speculations. On one occasion, a letter was written from her dictation to the Queen of England, to congratulate her on her marriage, birth of the princess royal, or some other equally interesting event. She lived in magnificent state, surrounded by beauties, from the circle of which occasional recruits were sent to the harem of the Padisha.

All the kadines of the now reigning Sultan are Circassians, and were purchased slaves, presented as gifts by his mother, aunts, sisters, and those great men who wished to court his special favor, together with such other ladies as have been purchased by his instructed commissioners. They have equal rights, and favoritism is studiously avoided; yet their lordly proprietor is never approached by them without making the profoundest reverence. These few scraps, illustrative of the doings within, are gathered principally from ladies, who have collected them, it is presumable, from the servants, tradeswomen, and medical attendants of the harem.

These kadines are not called wives, for they stand in no such relation. They are not allowed to sit in the Sultan's presence, except upon cushions on the floor; but his daughters may. Five of the kadines — one bearing the name of Zihem Felik (ornament of heaven) — died in 1844. Among them, they have had eight children, three of whom have died. One of the sons bears the name of Sultan Mohammed Murad; and another, Sultan Abdoul Hamed (servant of the good).

CHAPTER VI.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Principal gates — Fires very destructive — Houses generally built of wood — Cemeteries — To be very rich is considered as a crime — Epitaphs on Erzanyan Aretin — Bazaars, &c. — Cafinets — Amusements of the Coffee-rooms — Coffee, its introduction in the East — First coffee-house in Constantinople — Three thousand Cafinets in Constantinople — Conspiracies, &c., often plotted and matured in the coffee-houses.

If Paris is France, then Constantinople is Turkey. In all its details it is an anomaly. Its location is unsurpassed in beauty, both land and water being so connected as to enhance the loveliness of the scenery beyond that of any other city on the globe. For commerce, situated between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, with that transcendently splendid link in the aquatic chain, the Bosphorus, swarming with its caiques, steamers and ships from every clime, Constantinople has no parallel.

If any one spot is destined in after ages to become the principal mart of the whole world, it will be Constantinople. But these are reveries, and therefore I shall speak of what it is, and not

what it may be when the Anglo-Saxons shall spread themselves over the East, as they surely will, and the races now in the occupancy of the garden of Asia Minor and Turkey in Europe shall pass away into utter forgetfulness.

Its narrow lanes, badly paved, or not paved at all, extending irregularly in every direction, without names, and never lighted at night, are gloomy and forbidding, particularly after dark.

Constantinople is strangely walled, and is entered from various points, both from the country and the water, through gates that bear significant names. Without special care in passing through them, on account of being thrown wide open, these names would escape observation. There is the *Bagdsche Kapussi* (the gardener's gate), known as the route taken by ambassadors on their way to audiences; the *Bulikbasur Kapussi*, the Gate of the Fish-market, so called from being opposite the fish-market at the opposite side of the harbor, near to a celebrated boat-landing; and *Edrene Kapussi*, Gate of Adrianople, which, under another name, is known to have existed as early as the year 625, — the epoch of the siege of Constantinople by the Avars, in the reign of Heraclius. A celebrated

church that stood near was, at that period, held in peculiar reverence by the Greeks, on account of its containing a chest in which, the priests taught the people to believe, were the garments worn by the Virgin Mary. In all Constantinople there are nearly thirty gates; but they are far from being in good condition, and could not offer much resistance to a rabble disposed to force their way into the city.

A history of Constantinople, its origin, and the extraordinary changes through which it has passed since taken from the Greeks, may be found in various writings; hence a rehearsal of them here is unnecessary. At present, it is an immense city, having three centres, — points where the buildings are wedged together very compactly, — and it is principally constructed of inflammable materials. When a fire breaks out, a desolating conflagration invariably follows; the inhabitants have none of the apparatus of civilized countries for controlling or subduing it, nor are they possessed of the discipline, energy or interest, to make an effort to that effect. So it crackles and burns, the sparks fly, the wind wafts the blazing clapboards through the air, and away they go, propagating terror and

destruction, till everything combustible is converted into ashes between it and the open field. When nothing remains in the wake of the flames, the fire dies out; and the calmly-smoking spectators, seated on cushions to watch the raging elements, raise their optics devoutly to the sky, puff a long ribbon-whiff of smoke, and, as it goes curling towards the zenith, exclaim, "*Besmillah*," — God is great.

A large proportion of all the inhabited houses are of wood, two or three stories high. An immense amount of lumber, therefore, after every conflagration, is demanded to rebuild the ruins, and at other times to construct new dwellings, and keep the whole in repair. Teams cannot be employed in the narrow streets to haul the lumber, and the people have ingeniously resorted to the following method for conveying materials to the places where they are required: Half a dozen boards, for example, are tied at one end, as fagots are bound, and are lashed to the shoulders of a donkey, being balanced by an equal number on the opposite side. Thus they go, dragging them along, to the imminent danger of the toes of all they pass.

In every direction there seems to be a never-ending procession of asses, buried up in their load,

the extremity of which, spreading out like a fan on the ground, sweeps and scrapes the ground passed over. The effect is ludicrous, when observed for the first time; but a stranger in Constantinople soon becomes accustomed to the oddities of every-day life, which are the antipodes of common economy everywhere out of Turkey. No door has a name upon it; and, if it had, nobody could understand it; for not one in a thousand can read a syllable, either of their own or any other language; and, worse still, it is extremely difficult to pronounce a native cognomen when it is known. Runners meet travellers, and recommend certain lodging-houses, on account of being fire-proof. Myself and a few countrymen deposited ourselves at Pera, one of the three divisions of the city in which foreigners principally reside, in a salamander house; but, lo! it turned out that the kitchen was enclosed in a stone box, secured with iron doors, and not our apartments! The proprietors will provide their customers with something to eat, even if they have no place for them to sleep.

Burying-grounds, great and small, being of various dimensions, are in the very heart of some of the densely-settled parts, evolving an incalcu-

lable amount of mephitic gases, which are destructive to the public health. Those immediately on the verge of the town, beginning in Pera, where the lines of houses terminate, are kept perpetually damp and unwholesome by thickets of tall, gloomy cypresses, that exclude the sun's rays; and thus pestilence is generated, and death, once in every few years, starts on a mission of unheard of mortality.

The wonder may well be entertained why Constantinople has not been depopulated. Plague, dogs, grave-yards and universal out-door nastiness, however, have found their match with the Turks.

Oddity is impressed on whatever one sees; and yet those smoking, salaaming, backsheish-coveting disciples of Mahommed have their comforts or conveniences in their own way, which is more than we always have in a free government. It is a crime to be very rich; for money is a weapon of which the rulers are in fear.

Some of the Armenian bankers have heretofore been honored with a silk halter, or had their heads chopped off without an apology, because the state stood in need of replenished coffers. In the cemetery of Balykli is a marble box, bearing an inscription illustrative of what has often been done in the

way of murdering a man for his property. It is in Armenian, which, translated, reads thus:

"Here reposes the mortal remains of Erzanyan Aretin, banker to the Sublime Porte. His virtues were resplendent as the gold he had amassed by industry and fair dealing. His charity was boundless, his word inviolable, and his piety transcendent. He gave to all, and owed to none. He bade adieu to his weeping family upon the 7th of July, 1795, trusting to Almighty Grace, and blessing the hand that opened for him the gates of paradise."

If a Turk has an establishment, — and a harem adds to the reputation of a gentleman, as it is an evidence of means, — it is equivalent to keeping a coach in Christendom. In other words, position is everything, and this is one way they estimate it. A man's good name of fame, without money or women, would not give him the society of a donkey. With the first, the second grand element of distinction can be purchased at the *Yesser* or *Avret Bazaar*.

The bazaars, the shops, the bakers, the food sold in the streets, the cut of the garments, the veiled females gliding about in yellow boots, the grave deportment of most of the faces met, the singular-

ity of the customs that are discoverable at every corner, the magnificence of some edifices and the wretchedness of others, the mosques, the stillness, save when the muezzins call to prayers from the tall, slender minarets, take a strong hold of the stranger. He sees that the genius of Mahommedanism cannot live on terms of friendship with pure Christianity.

There very probably may be very inviting *cafés ;* but we never saw one that was not begrimmed by smoke, or filthy from the perpetual lounging of the unceasing smokers. Coffee, black, thick and strong, without cream or sugar, is served in cups scarcely larger than half an egg-shell. One of their amusements consists in listening to professed story-tellers, while puffing at their long pipes, which a Turk seems always to have in his mouth If the actor — for such he is — possesses a tact, he carries his auditors through every shade of feeling, from sympathy to rage. Some of these performers are distinguished for talents in the line of their vocation.

Another amusement of the coffee-rooms is to have introduced a male dancer, who bears a faint resemblance to an unveiled female. He rants, rattles his castinets, and cuts ungraceful antics, that would disgust more refined spectators.

Readers of botanical works are familiar with the history of the discovery of coffee, its introduction into the system of Oriental dietetics, and its subsequent diffusion over the whole habitable globe; but an epitome of the circumstances attending its advent may be interesting to present, for the purpose of showing the struggle in which the Mahommedan rulers were for a long time fiercely engaged in vainly attempting to prevent it from being used by the true believers. It reminds us of the herculean efforts of King James against tobacco. Both were abortive, although set on foot and maintained with unremitting severity by determined despots.

Sometime about the year 1258 of our era, a dervish, called Hadji Omer, for some at present unknown cause, was by his brethren driven out of the community at Mecca. Hunger induced him to roast the *kahva* berries, growing spontaneously around the lonely retreat where he had hidden himself. From its having a name, it seems that the plant was familiar, but the virtues of the fruit he never suspected. He was compelled to cook the berries by roasting them, as the only means in his power of sustaining life, cut off from all other resources. Steeping them in the water that

quenched his thirst, he discovered that they possessed very agreeable qualities, and also that the infusion was nearly equal to solid food. In the mean while, those who had expelled him from the common domicile came, in their wanderings, to the retreat of the dervish, whom they supposed to have died of starvation long before. They surprised Omer in the act of preparing his newly-discovered beverage. Of course, they tasted it, were delighted, and on their return gave an account of the miraculous manner in which he had been sustained. This led to further experiments, to the restoration of Omer to good fellowship, and also to the personal consideration of the Sheikh of Mecca. Omer turned out a bad fellow in the end; yet he was properly transmuted into a saint, and his memory is held in peculiar veneration, as that of a pious man and a benefactor to mankind.

Not far from 1555, some Arabians opened a shop in the bazaar at Constantinople for the sale of coffee, which appears to have been previously, in a small way, sold ready for drinking. This preparation to meet the demand for a new luxury, roused the anger of the Mufti. Murad IV. joined in a fanatical crusade against it, because the true faith anathema-

tized whatever had been charred or coaled, as an article of food. Coffee-rooms however, rapidly increased, for the beverage met an unsatisfied appetite. It is now impossible to form any just estimate of the consumption of coffee in Constantinople. There are computed to be three thousand rooms there set apart for the indulgence of coffee-drinking — smoking being the legitimate accompaniment.

Rebellions, conspiracies, and atrocious crimes against the lives of pashas, court-favorites, and even the Sultans, have been so frequently concocted in those universal haunts of the citizens, that they are watched with eagle vigilance by the police. The plan for the destruction of Osman II., who was strangled in 1617, at the age of nineteen, by the janizaries, originated in a coffee-room. He was a contemporary with King James I., of England. Since the murder of that turbulent body of soldiers, who made or dethroned Sultans at their pleasure, no apprehensions from that source have been entertained. No Sultan ever felt secure in his palace, for a single moment, while the janizaries were in existence. Mahmoud II. had the boldness to conceive, and the energy to accomplish, their thorough

destruction; and his son Mejid, therefore, is the first of the long line of Turkish emperors who has had nothing to fear from sudden popular outbreaks of his own soldiers in the capital of the empire.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SERAGLIO.

Mahomet II. its originator — Superbness of the rooms — Baths, tanks of marble in the floors — Great numbers of kitchens — Gardens very formal — Pillar of Theodosius — Large sarcophagi — Sublime Porte — Mint — Method of coining — Private cabinet of the Sultan — Library of Mustapha III. — Koran must be written with a pen — Libraries — Some of the females of the harem, etc., celebrated as poetesses.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the American legation informed me, and those of our countrymen who were in Constantinople, one morning, that, if we had any curiosity to visit that singular and altogether extraordinary palace of the Ottoman rulers, which is called *Serai Bournou*, an opportunity was then presented. A firman could be procured, that would not only permit us to go over the whole Seraglio, but also the mint, the arsenal, the great Mosques of St. Sophia, of Solyman the Magnificent, the mausoleum of Mahmoud II., and some other of the first-class religious edifices. Of course, the propostion was instantly embraced. Forty dollars was the sum paid. We were accompanied by Mr. Holmes, acting secretary of legation, and the Rev. Mr. Goodale, a mis-

sionary, who both understood the Turkish language, and who were of the highest value to us, in examining objects, translating notices, inscriptions, &c., which presented in the course of our explorations within the ancient walls of that most extraordinary of all national establishments.

On approaching the city by water from the Sea of Marmora, the Seraglio is the leading prominent object, on the European side of the Bosphorus. A kind of triangular enclosure, embraced by a strong wall, large enough for a tolerable-sized city, is studded with a vast variety of edifices, irregularly arranged, covering an immense extent of ground, which was the ancient Byzantium. Within are courts, extensive gardens, parades, and also unappropriated fields, of sufficient dimensions to accommodate a multitude of inhabitants.

Mahomet II. was the originator of this imperial seclusion. A first consideration was to have every inch of it so secured that no vulgar eye could possibly profane the females by seeing them. All the buildings are inelegant, rather uncouth externally, having each and every window thoroughly grated, or, rather, protected by fine lattice-work. Some of the edifices have wide-projecting eaves, deep

recesses, and such prodigious departures from all the common details of architecture of other countries, that, if there were nothing else to be seen, the oddity of those accumulations, the suggestions and mostly the creation of the ladies of the harem, it would be an ample compensation for the fatigue and expense of a visit.

With their large incomes, from age to age, without the possibility of appropriating them any other way, the successive Sultans have permitted them to rear those structures. One usually connects with another, and consequently the old and the new, the works of past centuries, with modern times, give aditional interest to the whole group. We travel from the old to the comparatively new, and thus learn something of the whims, caprices and tastes, of their beautiful projectors.

A more hopeless task could not be undertaken than an attempt to describe inside appearances of the various apartments, in the different buildings we inspected; and I shall not therefore presume upon the reader's patience beyond a few general observations.

Some of the rooms were superb, both in respect to prospect and finish. Gilded cornices, high-stud-

ded walls, and magnificent workmanship in marble, in the bath-rooms, especially, were the striking points. Neither pictures nor statuary of any kind were anywhere seen, except in a long corridor, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in length, through which the secluded inmates passed from one superb suite of apartments to another; and there we saw a row of engravings, colored, in simple gilded frames. On the left hand was a plastered wall, without a break of door or window the whole way, and on that surface they were suspended. On the right there were a succession of large windows, latticed, looking into a garden.

The pictures were representations of Napoleon's battles, with one or two views of wrecked vessels. In one small room, among the dozens we examined, about fifteen feet square, the walls were either colored or papered nearly black, I forget which. There were three common parlor-chairs in it, but no other furniture. Those were the only things for sitting on, according to civilized rules, in the series.

In another apartment, looking out upon the Bosphorus, a heavenly position upon earth, so far as surrounding scenery contributes to give any spot the beauty of paradise, besides the large latticed win-

dows, richly draped, there was an immense mahogany bedstead. It was a great box, ten feet square, the sides nearly three feet high, with high posts, sustaining a heavy tester overhead. It would conveniently accommodate six persons, without being crowded. A low bench ran round the walls, near the floor, in very many of the rooms, on which were cushions similar to those in pews. Bedding was not seen anywhere.

Baths abounded: they were marble depressions in the floor,— or, rather, shallow tanks, put below the common floor-level, some ten feet one way, by six, perhaps, in the other. Scroll-work in marble, bold curves and richly-chiselled vines, were the principal ornamental appendages of the female residences. There were a multitude of small apartments connected with the spacious ones, and doors leading from a second corridor to suites of rooms that we did not enter. Each and all the ladies of position have their own places for themselves, servants and children. Various apartments were for common use, admitting freedom of range, quite necessary to health, in a community of females exclusively, who rarely expose themselves to the influences of the open air, except when closely veiled, in the gar-

dens, in which the atmosphere is not much superior to the air of the house, on account of the high walls by which they are hemmed in.

There were dining-rooms, drawing and frolicking rooms — for such were the names we gave them; besides accommodations for an army of female slave attendants, the various grades of black and white eunuchs, with a numberless retinue of gardeners, grooms, soldiers, civil officers, &c., who are attached to the Seraglio in various capacities, who never set foot beyond the theatres of their appropriate duties.

Having been repeatedly asked where the ladies of the harem were all the while, it is hardly necessary to say, that, had they been in the Seraglio, no visitors could have had admission. A new palace on the Bosphorus, above the city, towards the Black Sea, occupied considerably by the father of Mejid, was in the occupancy of the Sultan's family while we were in Constantinople.

The deeds of blood and cruelty which have been transacted in the old Seraglio, have created a repugnance in the mind of the Sultan, and he may be said to have abandoned it. Still, eunuchs are there, and in secluded parts of the establishment

are supposed to be the kadines of his late terrible father.

In one direction in the yard were a cluster of kitchens, each recognized by its little dome. Every lady has her own cooks, food and culinary apparatus. Several white eunuchs — small, pale, cringing, obsequious males, without beards — were leaning against pillars, walking across enclosures, and going from or entering doors. Of course, they would be the only safe persons to admit into the apartment of the females, whether ladies, servants, or prisoners. I could not discover to what race they belong, but my opinion is this,— that they were Greeks.

Mr. Goodale said that on a former occasion he was permitted to pass through a suite of apartments closed to us. He remembered of having seen on the doors labels, in Arabic, designating them as the first, second, third, fourth, &c., ladies' quarters. It was an evidence of their occupancy, from being thus tabooed.

On entering the gardens,— those plats especially considered select, the promenades of the kadines,— they disappointed me. There was a perfect stiffness and perpendicularity, excessively tedious. Hun-

dreds of orange-trees in tubs, as they are seen in the orange-gardens of Paris, make up a large part of the show. A row of demi-greenhouses are for their protection in the winter. Raised beds, formal and hard, covered with flowers, make up the remainder. It was like being in a deep pit, in one of these gardens, long and narrow, the sun only exerting a full influence, at least, when we were in it, by being directly overhead.

Mohammed II., by whose determination this palace, for himself and successors, was devised, was proclaimed Padisha in 1451. He took Constantinople May 29th, 1481. He was surnamed *Fatih* (the opener), because he opened a way into the Christian city of the Greeks, and crushed their empire. No one of the Turkish dynasty has evinced a more heroic spirit, or entertained clearer perceptions of absolute power. Bold, enterprising, and regardless of the flow of blood, in the accomplishment of lofty designs, he entertained such well-grounded confidence in the preparation the Prophet had made for all true believers, that he calmly prepared his own epitaph, and a catalogue of the countries he had overcome, to be inscribed on his own tomb.

A prominent sight within the great mural enclo-

sure is the pillar erected by Flavius Theodosius I., a Greek emperor, who died of the dropsy in 395. I do not understand writers who say that it was thrown down by an earthquake, when it is certainly standing, or guides and historians have appropriated his name to some other monument.

There were several enormously large sarcophagi in a yard, of porphyry,— large enough for comfortable bed-rooms. They are of a remote antiquity, and show, beyond all contradiction, to what extraordinary perfection the ancients carried the art of working in stone. As they had neither iron nor steel, but cut those coffins with copper tools, of a material almost as difficult to sculpture as flint, they could not be equalled, in our day, without costing more than any potentate would be willing to pay.

A more minute account of the ancient condition and appearance of the Seraglio Point, which, as before observed, embraces nearly the whole site of the old city of Byzantium, may be interesting. The Greeks had a college there, at one period, before the Turks got possession, for the education of the priests of the church of Santa Sophia. The principal entrance into the Seraglio enclosure is on the apex of a small hill, through a lofty gate, universally

denominated *Babi Hamayoun* — which means the lofty door erected by Mohammed II. It received the appellation of *Sublime Porte* from the Europeans; and the Sultan himself, in official relations, is often spoken of as the *Sublime Porte*, but without any kind of authority. On each side of the gate are deep recesses in the wall, where the heads of inferior criminals were formerly exposed to view. Within the Seraglio enclosure is the mint, occupying the ground where formerly stood a Greek church, dedicated to St. Irene.

The *Taraphani*, which means the place where money is made, is of considerable size, and, though indifferently lighted, is, nevertheless, a well-conducted institution. All the processes of coining are done by steam-power, with excellent machinery, similar to that employed at the mint in Philadelphia. Long ribbons of metal were put under dies, which cut out and stamped the piaster and half-piaster pieces very rapidly. A row of venerable-looking men, in immense turbans, seated on the floor, were putting each piece, separately, into a scale, to ascertain if it had a standard weight. The coinage is extremely debased. The silver we saw coined was about the color of lead. Near

by is a pillar supporting a dish for holding the heads of decapitated pashas, and other dignitaries who have the honor of dying at the command of their imperial master. An officer formerly stood with a rod, to point out the offenders, and explain their crimes.

A council-room is shown, where the divan or council of state hold their sessions, pay the troops, decide great law questions, and where foreign ministers were formerly washed, fed and dressed appropriately, before being admitted into the august presence of the Sultan. Connected with this apartment is a carefully-latticed gallery, only large enough for one person, in which the old Sultans were wont to sit, thus being enabled to hear all that was said in the divan, whose occupants knew not whether the gallery was occupied or not. There is a little hole, too, through which the Sultan could see what was doing within by the gestures of the councillors, if they were afraid to speak out their minds.

Further along towards the central cluster of edifices previously described, is the room where ambassadors and their attendants, in the bright military days of Turkey, were actually dragged by the collar into the royal presence. Another object is shown, or rather the place where tragical exhi-

bitions for hundreds of years in succession occurred, that chills one's blood to contemplate. Not far from the harem, — a word which means *concealed*, as *seraglio* does to *lock up*, — a gate opens to the Sea of Marmora. Various boats, gayly decorated, are perpetually in waiting. One of them, by way of eminence, is called the *Yali Kiosk*, in which a vizier, suspected of unfaithfulness, and other officials of high position, are required to sit in suspense, till the gate opens to announce the pleasure of the *Padishah*. Sometimes the word comes that they are raised to more elevated responsibilities; and at others, a messenger appears, bearing a silken cord, which means instant strangulation. All the while, the candidate for the one fate or the other (in the days when these off-hand methods of disposing of a turbulent spirit or a state criminal were more common than under the more humane administration of Abdul Mejid) used to sit calmly smoking a long pipe, with apparent unconcern for the issue; in either case he would say *Bismillah!* (God is great), and live or die, as destiny had decreed.

LIBRARY OF THE SERAGLIO.

It strikes a Frank as an absurdity that books

should be accumulated for those who never read. But several Grand Seignors have had an ambition to be learned rather in the possession of the written wisdom of those distinguished for their political and historical attainments, than to actually profit by the written lessons of wisdom.

In a one-story building, standing alone in an open space, ascended by steps, and having a large window on each side of the door, and which was erected by the order of Mustapha III., in 1767, in the *Bostangelar*, or garden, is the library, described as having many beauties, marble columns and other affixes, that were not discovered by me; for, unfortunately, the keeper of the key could not be found, and we therefore were obliged to get but a limited knowledge in regard to the books by peeping through the windows. On three sides of a large, square room, there were shelves, perhaps a foot apart, commencing some four feet from the floor, and reaching to the ceiling. Not any of them were full; some had but a very few books upon them. Instead of standing upon their ends, the volumes were packed upon their sides, one above another. They were generally very thin, with a string or bit of ribbon hanging perpendicu-

larly from between the leaves, and of all sizes. They are said to be chiefly copies of the Koran, executed by a pen on parchment, paper, &c., at different epochs, and variously ornamented and gilded. Sentences from the Koran were inscribed on the walls, as they are on various buildings, doorways, gates, and other places within the enclosure of the Seraglio. Guide-books assert that this library possesses costly works on all subjects, and, among others, a splendid edition of Antar, on metallic paper. I cannot credit the declaration of Mr. White, that the collection contains four thousand four hundred and forty volumes, upon any other principle than this, namely, that every little thin collection of leaves, a hundred of which would not have the thickness of a common duodecimo of four hundred pages, was counted as an individual volume.

The Mahommedans all agree that the Koran must be written with a pen, and that it would be impious to imprint the name of Allah with type. They carefully pick up any bits of paper found in the street, and store them up in a box, barrel or other receptacle, as they might possibly have the sacred name written upon them. Selim III., who as-

cended the throne in 1789, and was deposed by the janizaries in 1807, had some enlightened views, and, with reference evidently to advances in literature by the people, converted a palace into a paper-mill, and had a printing-press set up at Scutari; but both went to ruin, long ago. While we were reconnoitring some of the splendid suite of rooms especially set apart for the Sultan's use, communicating with each other by passage-ways with those of the select ladies, a small case of books was shown that contained a choice collection of favorite works, chiefly amatory poetical effusions, which the Grand Seignor had brought to him, whenever he felt inclined to read. It was a mahogany box, two feet high, two wide, and about eight inches thick, with two shelves inside, on which were reposing twenty-five or thirty extremely thin, but richly-bound volumes. Their titles were on strips of pendulous ribbons, some of which the Rev. Mr. Goodale translated. They were protected in front by a wire gauze covering.

In several of the mosques, and at the residences of the great officers and the chief expounders of the Koran, there are collections of books, chiefly Persian and Arabic authors. The Turks appear to have had but a very few native writers.

These libraries had their origin in a desire to copy the customs of the Kaliphs of Bagdad and Damascus, as an appendage of distinction, rather than from an inherent love of literature, for which the Turks have no cultivated taste. There are individuals who read, and some historians have lived; but their thoughts and narrations, locked up in a harsh language in the Arabic character, cannot readily be disseminated, especially when not printed in type.

Some of the females of the imperial *harem* have discovered a decidedly poetical talent; but the most that is known of them comes obscurely and indistinctly through the language of adulation from some dependant on the Sultan, who exalts to the skies, on account of the position of the poetess, what might not be considered above mediocrity in a child of less exalted station.

There are writers and commentators on the laws at Constantinople, but few, if any, on any other branch of what may be called literature or useful information.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THRONE.

The throne — Indignities heaped on European ministers by former Sultans — Achille de Harley, the French ambassador, grossly insulted by Achmet I. — New palace of the Sultan — Its magnificence — New palace of the Sultan.

THE vast enclosure of the Seraglio may be entered from several points, as before stated; but there is one which actually gives name to the empire. A lofty gateway, arched overhead, with an Arabic inscription, is called, by way of distinction, the *Sublime Porte*, on account of its superior workmanship, as well as from the circumstance that it gives passage through a massive pavilion towards the harem. It is in a charming position, on a rise of land, favorable for an imposing effect.

Passing over an extensive parade lined with sentry-boxes and various accommodations for a multitude of watchmen, porters and soldiers, I am unable to recollect how many smaller arches we passed under before arriving at a building containing the imperial divan, or throne. It is on the first

floor, not more than twenty feet square, and accessible by two doors.

In one corner there is a dark, wooden box, of the dimensions of an ordinary double bedstead. It precisely fits against the wall on two sides; at the lower corner, which, of course, juts out towards the middle of the room, is a high post. As a whole, this apparatus is like a bedstead, pushed into one corner, with one single post. Overhead is the tester, supported in part on the one post, and in other directions against the wall.

A singular taste, quite barbaric, is shown in the manner of ornamenting that solitary pillar. From top to bottom it is thickly covered with precious stones of immense value. They are of all sizes and shapes, just as nature allowed them to leave her workshop, without being ground, polished or symmetrically shapen. Metallic sockets of gold are sunk into the wood, and into them the stones are set, saving their best faces for the exterior show. I noticed that several of the matrices were empty. Whether the gems had been taken out purposely, or had dropped from their beds, was not ascertained. On that box rich cushions were thrown; and, when an audience was to be given to

an ambassador, the Sultan, being seated with a pipe in his mouth, permitted an audience, embarrassed with fatiguing ceremonies.

The indignities the Sultans were in the habit of heaping upon the ministers of European kingdoms, till within the last fifty years, were of the most humiliating character. Being led in at one door by the Grand Vizier and other ministers of the divan, the envoy was compelled to assume the attitude of abject obeisance, amounting almost to an appearance of adoration. The business was announced, without raising his eyes to the resplendent throne that bore the self-styled Shadow of God. An interpreter explained it in Turkish, when the Sultan, in the haughtiest tone of sovereignty that a despot ever assumes, gave a decision, and the humble messenger of a Christian emperor was slowly backed out at the opposite door.

Standing precisely where those degrading ceremonies were conducted over and over again, it appeared to us that not more than six persons could comfortably stand at the foot of the throne at the same moment.

Singular as it now appears, in this advanced period of civilization, the Sultan often sent foreign

legations to prison. Achille de Harley, in 1612, after being grossly insulted by Achmet I., was threatened with torture! In 1660, Sultan Ibrahim actually sent a French ambassador to the Seven Towers. This ferocious fellow led a life of singular adventures. Being a younger brother of the monarch, he would inevitably have been put to death, had not an older one died. A dervish, on a certain occasion, hurled a stone at him from the roof of a high building, which merely bruised his shoulder. He died in 1607, being a cotemporary with James I. of England. Probably these events, and the fear he may have been under of the janizaries, contributed essentially towards making him distrustful and demoniac in his actions. The harem is considered the instrumentality for taming the rulers. Their undisputed authority, vast resources, united to a turbulent nature, unmodified either by education or religious sentiment, would be insufferable, were it not for the acknowledged influence beauty has exercised over some of the bloody monsters who have reigned in Turkey.

It is my impression that the old state apartments of the Seraglio have been altogether neglected since Sultan Mejid's inauguration. An air of aban-

donment was perceptible about the throne, that led to this conclusion.

In the new palace which is now being completed, on the European side of the Bosphorus, far superior to most of the royal palaces of Europe, there are undoubtedly some more modern apartments for state effect and receptions, in accordance with an improved taste, which must have been imbibed from intercourse with foreigners, who have introduced the arts and the architectural refinements of modern times. The exterior of the palace is extremely imposing, and far transcends in beauty and grandeur every other edifice in Constantinople. Some of the great mosques are massive, huge constructions, but they command no admiration from a cultivated mind, beyond that of astonishment that brick, wood and stone, should ever have assumed such singular forms. To the credit of the improved views of the Sultan, the new palace is not hidden from human eyes by high walls. It is all open in front towards the Bosphorus, with no obstacle to conceal a single beauty, or mar one of its classical proportions.

This is an immense stride in civilization, therefore, that a costly palace, mainly designed for the

accommodation, security and seclusion of females, should be left open for the gaze of all eyes; but it is one of the prognostics of a still greater change that is gradually and irresistibly coming over the whole nation.

A more frequent and necessary intercourse with Europe and America must have an influence on the habits, customs and peculiarities, of the people. Even Mahommedanism, with its doctrines of fatalism and polygamy, which denies one half of the population, professing the faith of the Koran, all civil rights, is destined to give way to a purer and more elevated faith, based on the progressive march of Christianity.

CHAPTER IX.

METROPOLITAN MOSQUES.

Metropolitan mosques — No foreigner admitted into the interior of the Sultan's residence during his or his family's sojourn — St. Sophia — Pillars brought from heathen temples — Mosque of St. Sophia — An ancient Greek cathedral — Grave of Solyman the Magnificent — Roxalina, the favorite of Solyman the Magnificent — Murder of Mustapha, son of Solyman, by the order of Roxalina — Bajazet a torment to his father — Muezzins — The Muezzins usually blind in Egypt.

As no one can gain admission to the interior of the Sultan's residence while himself and family are within, no account can be given of the character of the furniture, the decorations, or, in fact, gain any reliable information in regard to them, beyond what may be gleaned from timid servants, who run the risk of losing their heads for a piastre, whenever they divulge a secret.

I have seen many edifices, erected at different epochs in Turkish history; but that which was occupied a little time by Mahmoud II., on the Bosphorus, is the best of them all. It is not far north from the new one now constructing, and is the present residence of Sultan Mejid. Some of the

pillars, of beautiful marble, fluted, the splendid iron gates, superb lamps, rich displays in the finish of the windows, doors, marble steps, and various other outside shows of unlimited resources, amply compensates the traveller for reconnoitring it in a boat. We were told that the Sultan, and perhaps the ladies of the harem, were watching us closely, and speculating on our long-tailed coats, and laughing at our high-crowned hats, behind the latticed windows, while we were contemplating the elegance of the imperial accommodations.

On the other hand, the mosques were opened to us by the firman, and we therefore visited those most remarkable for age, sanctity and splendor.

St. Sophia is a monster in size. Constantine was excessively proud of it. He melted down a silver statue of Theodosius, that weighed seventy-four hundred pounds, to complete the work. Five years and eleven months were consumed in the construction. The ground-plot is a Greek cross, in a square two hundred and forty-three feet by two hundred and sixty-nine. A dome, one hundred and eighty feet above the floor, sustained on four enormous arches, admits a strong light from above. It did not strike me as beautiful, but massive. No

two arches in the building are segments of the same circle. Some of them, in partitions over doors, were singularly warped, if they ever had any symmetry. There are one hundred and eighty-four pillars to sustain the weight inside. Eight of them are of porphyry excessively hard to cut, once in the Temple of the Sun, at Rome ; and six of green jasper, that were brought from the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus. Two of the porphyry columns have been cracked and otherwise injured, probably by a fire, that nearly destroyed the whole fabric, soon after its completion. They are now held together with iron hoops. One of the arches sustaining the dome has settled considerably, and I fear the vast skylight may suddenly fall in when least expected.

Of course, no idea is entertained of describing St. Sophia with minuteness. A building that has withstood the assaults of time since the third century is venerable, and that accounts for various admeasurements, and historical memoranda, which abound in the diaries of Eastern visitors. When we entered, a Moslem priest was sitting flat on the pulpit floor, cross-legged. That sentry-box of the preacher was of white pine, ascended by a considerably long

flight of steps, and the whole movable. In front of him sat an attentive congregation of men and women on the floor, the males on one side, and the females, all enveloped in white sheets and veiled, listening, as though deeply interested in the discourse, on the other. St. Sophia being built without reference to Mecca, — it being originally a Christian church, — long strips of carpeting were spread diagonally, producing a ludicrous effect; but it was of grave importance to the prayerful audience to know the exact bearing of that holy city, in order to face it in their devotions.

When the expounder of the Koran had brought his loud, earnest discourse to an end, he came down with a small dish in his hand, which he presented to the audience for backshiesh.

Thus he raised a salary as he rendered service; and when he had finished entirely, an idiotic boy or girl, — I could not decide which, — made his or her appearance in the passage-way between the two sexes, which the women appeared to enjoy exceedingly. He sang, and, in some very indefinable and mysterious manner, seemed to fascinate them all, as they gathered round and paid something to him as an earnest of their satisfaction.

Overhead I could discern, distinctly, some excellent paintings, which the Turks had endeavored to conceal, by daubing them over with a thin coat of water coloring. The great seraphim in the angles, under the dome, have had sad work made of their faces, to conceal their fascinations; but still they remain, without any prospect of obliteration, smiling with heavenly sweetness.

It is a subject of historical interest, with reference to the condition of the arts, and the actual religious feeling of the age among Christians, to present some of the following facts in relation to this vast Christian edifice, now desecrated to Moslem service.

St. Sophia was reared in the year 325, and therefore is an ancient temple, the boast of the Greeks. One hundred architects, says tradition, superintended the work; five thousand masons were employed on one side, and an equal number on the other; all the mortar was mixed in barley-water, and the foundation-walls cemented with mastic and lime. The walls had reached but six feet, when it was ascertained that four hundred and fifty-two pounds' weight of gold had been expended. Within, the length is two hundred and sixty-nine feet, and the breadth one hundred and forty-three. The

great cupola is pierced by twenty-four windows. Arabic inscriptions are variously introduced, to raise up devotional feelings in the breasts of the turbaned worshippers. Granite columns from Egypt, twenty-four in all, eight of green marble, besides quite a forest of all other kinds, baffles description.

Riches glittered in the temple at every point, on the day of its first consecration. A golden altar, with lilies, and a golden cross, of massive weight, adorned with costly gems, was but a small part of the wealth within. Golden vessels of all sorts, for celebrating the twelve great annual church feasts, were forty-two thousand six hundred in number. Twenty-four huge volumes, — the evangelists, — each having golden covers, and candelabras, also of gold, two of which weighed one hundred and eleven pounds, besides seven crosses of pure gold, weighing one hundred pounds each, gives an idea of the concentration of the riches, and the resources of the emperor at that early period in the progress of Christianity. When the Mahommedans took possession of this very famous structure, they speedily remodelled some parts of it, built up its present minarets, and purged it of Christian uncleanness Murad IV. put in the permanent pulpit, on each

side of which are two enormously large candles, to light which the servant is obliged to ascend on a ladder. In several mosques they are a foot in diameter, and from ten to fifteen feet high.

Notwithstanding the glowing descriptions of visitors, and the details of professed architects, in connection with all the historical associations with which St. Sophia is connected, I did not regard it as much of a wonder. Possibly a familiar acquaintance with the great ruins of Egypt had a counteracting influence on my mind. Had St. Sophia been seen first, perhaps my astonishment might have been greater, and my surprise of a different order. I fully expect that the dome will by and by fall, and then the whole mass go to ruin.

Of the so-called twenty-four first-class mosques, a few hold a distinguished preëminence on account of their architecture, wealth, and the names of those by whom they were erected. Among some of those I examined belonging to that denomination, the following is quite remarkable for its beautiful proportion, namely, the SULYMEIMANIE, by way of eminence, the Mosque of Solyman the Magnificent, whom the Turks speak of as *Kanuni*, or institutor. He was contemporary with Henry VIII.,

Edward VI., and Queens Mary and Elizabeth, having ascended the throne in 1520, and leaving it in 1566.

The mosque was five years in building, and bears a strong resemblance to St. Sophia. Pillars, tiles, floors, windows, a magnificent dome, and its various properties, conspire to make the Solymanie a proud monument of Turkish skill, wealth and piety. Columns, arches, enormous wax candles ten feet tall, candelabras, &c., are in keeping. The minarets are slender, but the proportions admirably maintained. An unfortunate carpenter sent up to repair, a few days before I examined them, pitched over the slender railing, fell to the ground, and died instantly.

This mosque is a quadrangle, two hundred and thirty-four by two hundred and twenty-seven feet. It has a magnificent dome, six immense Egyptian porphyry columns, beautifully wrought; and then there are four tall, finely-finished minarets. In this monster edifice repose the remains of the founder, and his favorite Sultana. At the head of his grave is a rich turban, ornamented with costly jewels, and near by a large Koran, out of which an *Imaum* or priest reads sentences daily, for the happiness of the mighty Sultan who reared the mosque. Over the

gates and doors inscriptions abound; one of them is thus translated: "May the royal race never be interrupted on earth, and enjoy eternal pleasure in paradise."

Solyman reigned from 1520, forty years, fully resolving to have Vienna. He had a taste for literature, and a strong inclination to rear huge edifices. Still, however, he was a barbarous monster, although denominated the magnificent. He was the father of children by two wives. One wife, the celebrated Roxalina, an ambitious mother, was resolved that her son should be the successor to his father, although the legal heir was Mustapha, the child of the rival kadine. The transcendent beauty of Roxalina, and the fascinating power which she exercised with consummate art over the Sultan, was irresistible, and she persuaded him to put the beloved prince to death. He sent for the unsuspecting youth to come into the royal tent, which was no sooner entered than he was seized by mutes, and strangled with a bowstring, after a terrible struggle. Mustapha resisted with all the desperation fear lends to a powerful frame, and so successfully, too, for a while, that the more than savage father, fearing his escape, put his head over the canvas partition, in a rage,

and threatened the instruments of his murderous will with the weight of his imperial vengeance, if they failed to despatch their victim. The doomed boy caught a glimpse of his awful father's flashing eyes, and at once yielded up his life. The body was dragged out on a piece of carpet, and actually exposed to public gaze, as though he had been a malefactor.

A brother of the ill-fated Mustapha, a little boy, was still in the way of Roxalina, whom the tortured mother kept secluded as much as possible in the depths of the Seraglio. By stratagem, that black devil, the *Kislar Aga*, who is supreme in his government over the women of the harem, got the lad into his possession, by declaring how wretched the death of Mustapha had made the Sultan, and he intended, therefore, to lavish a double amount of affection on the dear little fellow whose veins were distended with imperial blood; and, besides, he feared that the boy's health might be impaired by close confinement; therefore, both mother and son were commanded to go into the open air for exercise. A splendid horse was sent into the yard for the prince, caparisoned magnificently, and an arraba, a singularly-ornamented

wagon, drawn by oxen, still common in Constantinople, for herself and female companions. The terminus of the ride, on that dreadful morning, was at a celebrated kiosk on the Bosphorus.

Birds were singing merrily, the zephyrs played gently in the light robes of the little heir to the throne, as he cheerfully handled the reins of his splendid steed. When fairly out of sight, on the road, as had previously been artfully contrived, the arraba broke down; the child was some way in advance, delighted with his courser, and enjoying the pleasant fields. When the axle gave way, although the Kislar Aga was at the side to render assistance, the wretchedly anxious mother at once suspected a plot to rob her of her boy. Springing from the vehicle, she ran screaming onwards, striving to overtake him; but he entered the door of the kiosk just as she got sight of him. Breathless, and almost exhausted, she reached the threshold; but the door was closed, and there was no entrance for her. She beat the walls and doors, with distraction, when suddenly the dead body of the darling child was thrown out, his limbs still quivering, and the fatal cord about his neck.

These murders were perpetrated to gratify the ambition of the fascinating Roxalina, whose son, Baja-

zet, proved a perpetual torment to his father, and a most rebellious subject. Solyman, in his old age, was a wretched man; and a perpetual round of sensual indulgences failed to give him peace of mind, or to blot out the remembrance of these horrors. There is a principle omnipresent in the human breast that clearly indicates what is right, and forbids what is wrong. To wipe out the stain of guilt that haunted him, he probably hoped to propitiate outraged Heaven by rearing the stupendous monument of the Solymanie, first as a temple to be devoted to Mahommedan worship, and, secondly, as a mausoleum for himself and family; and there their mortal remains repose.

It makes one shudder to traverse the scenes of those dreadful phases in the history of humanity. The few atrocious facts illustrative of the characters of the Sultans, which are recorded in history, bear but a small proportion to the outrages they have committed in their career of sovereignty. Acknowledging no equal, fearing no superior, and wielding the power of uncontrolled despotism, their acts are among the most wicked ever committed by man against his fellow-man.

When all the minarets are manned with muezzins

at the hours of prayer, calling, with united voices, for the faithful to commence their devotions, the effect is extraordinary. Not a bell ever rings, and the shrill voices of those energetic servants, elevated fifty feet in the air, who sing out their summons in a kind of recitative, is musically solemn. At Cairo — very compact compared with Constantinople — four hundred bawling fellows wake the hardest sleepers at morning call.

In Egypt the muezzins are usually blind; and eyeless men are generally preferred because they cannot look down into the yards, and on roofs of the houses, to see what the female inmates are doing. In villages throughout Turkey, a similar precaution leads to the employment of the blind for that important function; but this was not the case, as far as I was enabled to observe, in the capital. They were pretty warmly dressed, advanced to middle life, and held their hands as though they were afraid of having the drums of their ears cracked with their own voices.

Two of the four pillars which sustain the great dome of the Solymanie were once devoted to another purpose in the ancient history of the city. One of them bore the statue of Venus, and the

other that of Justinian on the Augustean. It is supposed that the other two had originally upon them the statues of Theodora and Eudoxia.

Reading-stands for supporting copies of the Koran are occasionally noticed, made of two pieces of board, in the form of the letter X. They are from one to two feet in width, variously inlaid with mother-of-pearl and other precious things, according to the place and circumstances of their location. Devout readers, writers, and, indeed, every person, high or low, who has anything to do with pens or books, sit on the floor. When reading the Koran, it is rarely taken from the stand, the reader slowly turning the leaves as he completes reading them.

Whenever I have seen a man reading in the mosques, it was generally near some window, in a corner. Without the least regard to the comfort of others, they kept a constant see-sawing motion, while their voices were raised to an annoying pitch to every one within hearing. This practice has been handed down from the time of Mahommed, who, probably, copied it from the Jews, who (more especially the Polish and Spanish Jews) make the same swaying motion, and use an elevated pitch of the voices, when at prayers in the synagogues, even at the present day.

In rooms over the vaults of the Sultans and their families, there are sarcophagi, wooden boxes, raised three or four feet, directly over the graves of each, covered usually with Cashmere shawls,—a rich turban at the head indicating the sex and condition of the person beneath. Immensely large candles in candlesticks chained to the floor, and numerous copies of the Koran resting on the before-described saw-horse stools, are placed for the accommodation of all good Mussulmans who wish to pray over the defunct remnants of departed royalty below.

CHAPTER X.

MOSQUE OF ACHMET.

Enormous pillars — Gallery used as a banking-house — Achmet I. — Tobacco introduced into Constantinople — Vizier of Achmet II. a Frenchman — Achmet III. — Atmeidan, or ancient hippodrome — Sultan going to mosque — Bridge of boats — Sultan's barge — Vizier's barge — Barge of the eunuchs — Any one permitted to present a petition to the Sultan on his route to prayers on Friday.

THIS is considered the chief religious edifice, — superior in many respects to all the others. Its six minarets give it a peculiar character; and, when the four pillars sustaining the dome are examined, the spectator is constrained to admit the Turks are susceptible of both sentiment and grandeur in their style of architecture. They are each made up of three marble blocks, one placed on the end of the other. The diameter of each of these colossal columns is eighteen feet.

Egypt and Baalbec have scarcely parallels to these monster pillars. Two candelabras of extraordinary dimensions, sustaining wax candles, full ten feet high, the galleries sufficiently elevated to give an air of loftiness to the whole, on both sides,

are a striking feature. Koran-stands, for the accommodation of students and devout persons, are numerous. No other mosque is so munificently provided with funds for its support, or contains such a profusion of costly fixtures and appendages in the way of permanent wealth. Four emerald lamps, suspended by golden chains from above, give some idea of the concentration of riches within this celebrated and truly magnificent structure. The lamps were a present from the governor of Abyssinia.

In the left gallery there is an immense pile of boxes, chests and other strong contrivances, irregularly heaped together, which contain an amount of treasure altogether incalculable. For some ages past, it has been customary both for individuals and families to deposit their money, jewels and other precious effects, in this mosque, for safe-keeping. Each has a box, large or small, according to circumstances, with a key. No questions are asked, no record is kept, labels are unknown, and the owners bring or carry away as they choose, and without interruption.

So sacred is the Mosque of Achmet, that none would dare attempt the terribly sacrilegious act of

theft from its holy portals. Whatever is there deposited is sacred, to all intents and purposes. The idea that it is possible that anything thus lodged for safe-keeping could be clandestinely taken away, seems never to have been entertained. Bank-vaults are far more exposed to the depredations of robbers than the open treasury gallery of the Mosque of Achmet. Some of the boxes may not have been unlocked in the last hundred years, yet they are as they were left by the owners, undisturbed. The doors are open, strangers are walking about, and not unfrequently stop and stare at the miscellaneous accumulation, like freight on the deck of a steamboat; and, when informed of the untold millions thus promiscuously thrown together, seem to consider it simply in the light of wonder, and pass on.

No revolution, civil commotion of the people, or necessities of the government, ever perilled in the least degree that concentration of gold, silver and jewels. Neither guards, watchmen, walking sentinels nor a police vigilance, have ever been required for the preservation of the deposit. A religious respect for the sanctuary, in the education of the people, is superior to bolts, bars

or the guns of an army. Not intending even a further description of mosques, since a volume would be required for that purpose, that of Sultan Mohammed II. must necessarily be passed over, rich as it is in architecture and glorious memorials of a flourishing epoch in Turkish history.

Achmet I., by whom this vast mosque was erected, became Sultan in 1603, at the age of fifteen. Very soon after, he contracted the small-pox, and fearing some manifestation of uneasiness from the turbulent janizaries, while indisposed, he directed his brother's eyes to be put out, and then strangled him, so that they were glad to spare the author of those barbarities, because he was the only remaining lineal descendant of Mohammed then living. No crime in a Padisha, so exalted is his position, either of fratricide, matricide or any other murder, can in the least degree detract from an eminent reputation for piety. Moral character, according to the modes of thinking in Turkey, cannot in any way interfere with the heavenly prospect of a true believer.

There have been three Achmets on the throne, remarkable for qualities that, in a Christian country, would damn them to eternal infamy, but which do

not even tarnish their reputations in their own. An epitome of the prominent acts of their lives may gratify those to whom this kind of biographical history is new.

Achmet I., the so-called religious founder of the sacred mosque, as we have said, commanded his wretched brother to be made blind before murdering him. This operation was effected by holding a red-hot metal basin close to his eyes, which immediately destroyed the whole optic apparatus. Horrible as this was, it is said not to have been a painful operation. A feeling of humanity induced the Sultan to adopt it, instead of the usual practice, in common use in that day, of pouring hot vinegar in the eyes! After thus inflicting this most dreadful punishment on a brother, whose only offence was that he stood second to the throne, still fearing that the janizaries might raise him to the empire, sightless as he was, the fiendish Achmet ordered him to be strangled. These revolting cruelties no way injured the fair fame of the tyrant, who obtained the reputation of having a cultivated taste and love of magnificence. The pious monster died in 1617, at the age of twenty-nine years.

Tobacco was brought to Constantinople in his reign, and every effort was made to prevent its use ; but, when the soldiers began to love it, there was an end to all opposition, although the Mufti insisted it was in direct violation of the doctrine of the Koran.

Achmet II. had a Grand Vizier, who was the son of a Frenchman. Having committed murder in the south of France, he fled from the pursuit of the gens d'armes, in a small skiff, which, in a few days after, was taken by an Algerine pirate. To save his life, he abjured Christianity, and embraced the Mahommedan faith, and ultimately became chief of the janizaries and prime minister. So great was the political influence and sagacity of the apostate, that he made and unmade Sultans almost at his pleasure ; he was finally slain in battle, and Achmet, who was completely destitute of both talent and energy, is said to have died of grief; but it is far more probable that his death was prematurely induced by excessive dissipation.

Achmet III. succeeded his brother, Mustapha II., who was dethroned in 1703. When he felt himself strong in authority, by various contrivances, rewards, high appointments, and other acts calcu-

lated to disarm the conspirators against his brother, and when they felt the most secure and prosperous, every one of them were put to death by strangulation. He was dethroned because the janizaries disliked his setting up a printing-office in Constantinople.

In the neighborhood of the stupendous and magnificent mosque of Achmet, is the ancient hippodrome, with its stolen obelisk, and remnants of a monument of brazen serpents. It is now called the *Atmeidan* (or place of the horse). It is a shabby, bare, gravelly, uninteresting square. Once it had extraordinary dimensions, but is reduced to two hundred and fifty paces in length, by one hundred and fifty in breadth; it is, however, associated with the wonders and the palmy days of the Greek empire.

Other characteristic curiosities are the cistern of a thousand columns; the burnt column; the extensively covered bazaars; the watch-tower; the new university; slave-market; arsenal; the seven towers; the *moristan*, or asylum for the insane; the Greek churches; schools; whirling dervishes, and numerous sights and fixtures, illustrative of the mechanism, skill, artistic ability, habits and customs, — which must all be omitted in this epitome of prominent objects in Constantinople.

SULTAN GOING TO MOSQUE.

A fundamental law requires that the ruler shall go openly in the sight of the people to prayers, to some mosque, every Friday, and that without failure, if in health. While the custom demonstrates the obedience of the Sultan to the commands of the founder of the common faith, it has a direct bearing on the public tranquillity to know that the individual in whom all the functions of the government concentrate is alive, and superintending the machinery of state.

Friday, therefore, brings with it considerable commotion. Every stranger is desirous of seeing the great man; and his own immediate subjects, also, exert themselves considerably to get a glimpse of the Padisha. By ten o'clock in the morning, it is usually ascertained what mosque he intends to honor with his royal presence. He generally selects a different one each succeeding week, rarely going to the same twice in a season.

Having ascertained, on a charming Friday morning, that his Imperial Highness would attend prayers in a small mosque near the arsenal, and that he would go by water, we procured a boat at a seasonable

hour, and, having taken a favorable position on the Bosphorus, near the prescribed line for the royal aquatic procession, waited its approach.

There are two long bridges, built of boats, crossing the Golden Horn, the draws of which were swung open, on this occasion. There were four bands of music at the break of the draws, besides a large body of troops under arms.

Every avenue leading from Pera, and, in fact, from other parts of the city, was lined with people, hurrying towards the water. Steamers, vessels of every description, boats, and anything that would buoy up a man, or whatever position gave a chance for a view, were quickly occupied. There was a general but noiseless commotion throughout Constantinople. It was a grand sight to view such a sea of human heads, and multitudes of beings in white turbans, quietly smoking, yet anxiously waiting for the appearance of the monarch.

By and by the guns began to roar at the palace up the Bosphorus, at the exact moment he stepped into the barge. A more eager curiosity was awakened, and the vast multitude swayed to and fro for an early glimpse of him. All the vessels in the navy-yard were manned; flags were floating in the

light breeze; the cannon spoke louder and nearer, when, of a sudden, the golden pageant glittered in the rays before unnumbered thousands, who were gazing with intense expectations of surprise and gratification.

Not a voice was raised; neither shouts, huzzas, nor other tumultuous demonstrations broke forth from the obedient followers of Mahommed. On the contrary, each one kept perfectly still, while the music began to swell upon the ear, and sweet sounds rolled away over the beautiful expanse of the Bosphorus, to die on the distant green fields and waters. Water bailiffs kept the host of caiques back from the indicated course,— leaving a highway about twelve rods wide,— and onwards shot a beautifully moulded barge, apparently a hundred feet in length, wide and roomy, entirely gilded with gold leaf from stem to stern. It was rowed by fifty oarsmen, twenty-five on a side, dressed in white, who rose simultaneously upon their feet as they dipped the blades of their oars into the gentle current on which the fairy boat was swiftly gliding.

The stern was raised in the form of a miniature quarter-deck, some six feet, over which was a tasteful canopy, supported on four columns, cov-

ered with red silk, and its roof, on the under side, lined with the same fiery material.

In the centre, protected from the burning rays of the sun, seated upon an immense scarlet cushion, sat the Sultan, dressed in a blue frock-coat, buttoned to the chin, blue pantaloons, and a red felt *tabousch*, or cap, swayed a little to one side by a long, heavy blue silk tassel. Between his highness and the rowers, in a little space in front of the canopy, were two black pages.

His majesty is too much accustomed to the show to be particularly struck with any manifestations of public curiosity. However, when he passed us, and recognizing us as Christian strangers, no doubt, by our hats, coats, and shorn faces, he gave a long, penetrating stare,— the only civility he bestows on anybody, —while our hats were raised; for it is always proper, in every country, to pay respect to the government that protects us while remaining within its jurisdiction.

Immediately after, came the barge of the first subject of the empire, the Sadrazan, known to us under the title of Grand Vizier, who is the prime minister. In all respects, it was nearly as gorgeous as his sublime master's, but had fewer rowers, and

was smaller in its dimensions. On the forecastle, about six in length,— in other words, the bow that was decked over,— was an enormously large eagle, silver gilt, with spread wings, standing upon the tips of its talons, as if in the act of soaring away in the air. The design was extremely fine, and the appearance beautiful.

Then came a third barge, also gilded, and propelled with gilded oars, in the hands of slaves dressed in loose white costumes, and snow-white turbans, bearing the *Kislar Aga*, an African eunuch, and his two black assistants. As before observed, this man is a great personage, and more influential, on account of his proximity to the throne, than any other person in the realm. He was small in size, small-featured, not very black, and had rather a pleasant expression. His mutilated assistants seemed to feel, as the *Kislar Aga* did, the importance of their position, by putting on airs of amazing dignity.

When the boats passed the ships of war, and especially that monster ship, the Mahmoud, too large for service, the roar of artillery was perfectly deafening. On reaching the shore, where a great body of troops were in waiting, and numbers of

caparisoned horses stood champing the bit, the cortège passed quickly, without ceremony, into the mosque. All the oarsmen leaped out and amused themselves by strolling about at their ease, while the troops on the bridge retired quietly to their barracks.

An impression was abroad that the Sultan would return to the palace on horseback, and the crowds, therefore, dispersed to intercept him; but, on the return route, he disappointed them. When he had completed the exercises due to religion, he returned to the barge, which was quickly shoved off towards an elegant steamboat, which had recently been presented him by Abbas Pasha, his disliked vassal of Egypt. The other two barges returned the way they came, leaving his majesty on board the new toy. How he finally got back to his palace was not ascertained, as we were too weary and too nearly roasted to remain any longer watching the retreating shadow of the slayer of men, over one of the hills that belong to the ruler of Turkey.

No pageant in Europe, which we had seen, was so imposing, or conducted with more effect. An extraordinary privilege is accorded to the humblest

being in the realm, of appealing directly to the Sultan, through a written petition, each day when he is on the route to a mosque for public prayer. Placing themselves bolt upright against the houses in the narrow streets, as the Sultan arrives nearly opposite, their petitions are handed to the Grand Vizier. The Sultan has each read on returning, and gives personal directions respecting them. In this manner, the Padisha learns, what he otherwise never would have known, the rascality of his beloved subjects. The custom, no doubt, prevents a large amount of iniquity, through fear that it may reach the ears of him who acknowledges no superior on the globe.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ARMORY.

Armory — Galleries — Captured flags — Jewels — Golden keys — Inauguration robes of the Sultans — Covering of the Prophet's tomb — Curiosity of Frank strangers — Distribution of fees — A learned man — A mathematician — Medicine — Medical college — One burned — University — Popularity of astrologers — Directions — An English physician's wife joined a harem — Origin of the principal laws — Books — Ignorance of females — Turkish newspapers — Persian poetry — Lithographic presses — Sale of Korans.

WITHIN the seraglio enclosure, not far from the mint, is a building of pretty ample dimensions, exclusively devoted to the protection and preservation of arms. Not so much those in every-day service, as memorials of the past, like the spears, swords, daggers, battle-axes, rude guns and suits of armor, so carefully preserved in the Tower of London. A display of the various forms of arms that have been in use in different reigns, since the Turks have been established in Europe.

On entering the front door, the form of the interior resembles an ordinary New England meeting-house. All the antiques imaginable are brought

together in fantastic figures. Stars and crescents abound, and it was an ingenious fellow who put horse-pistols and Damascus blades into such varied and curious curves and angles.

Of course it would be tedious to particularize the proud instruments of death that may have cut a million of throats. Marvellous stories are related of the achievements of some of the blood-thirsty old Sultans in thinning the ranks of Christian dogs.

All their most brilliant engagements and surprising victories have been over the hated disciples of the Saviour. Overhead, suspended, attached to the poles by which they were borne at the head of advancing columns, are dozens of flags, taken from various European and other nations with whom they have been at war.

The Turks have really something to be proud of when they contemplate those evidences of their former prowess. But they will never be replaced by fresher banners; their ranks are no longer invincible, and the glory of Mahommedan greatness has greatly diminished.

Ascending the gallery, we entered a small apartment at the further end, protected by doors, locks,

and a special janitor, that bespoke the preciousness of the treasure that was kept within. It was equivalent to the crown-jewel office of England, Scotland, Austria, and some other continental countries, in which the public is permitted to enter under certain specific restrictions. There was a kind of show-case on one side of the room, elevated to a convenient height for looking in, that contained a row of large keys. They were fac-similes — some in gold and others in silver — of the keys of cities taken by the Turks in their various wars.

The workmanship was beautiful, and their intrinsic value, as bullion, very great indeed; but the associations connected with their history to the Turks far more valuable. They are contemplated with pride and ambition by them; and, if such a sentiment as loyalty exists in the bosom of a Turk, they are among the proudest relics in the national archives.

Suspended above the case by hooks in the wall, there were Damascus blades, with golden mountings, and jewelled in the most lavish manner. The series represent most of the Sultans, from Mohammed II. to Abdul Mejid. When a Sultan is inaugurated, and the heralds announce to the world that the throne is again occupied by a descendant

of the author of their faith, a sword is buckled on his thigh, and he passes in state through the capital, to be seen and to receive homage.

When the ceremony is concluded, the sword is placed in the jewel-office, ever after to remain a memorial of the event, and of the individual who wore it.

Besides these extraordinaries, there are multitudes of objects, both new, strange and rare, which could nowhere else be seen, that belong to the history of the empire.

An indistinct impression is on my mind that some memorial of Mahommed was shown us in that most glorious part of the armory. The covering of his tomb, which is renewed annually,— the old one being returned when the new one is put on,— may be examined, at a respectful distance, in a mosque.

In all our examinations under the authority of the firman from the department of state, we were accompanied by several officials, one of whom was a grave young man, who carried a mighty big staff, with a silver head the size of an orange. On arriving at a point embraced in the permit, the man with the staff merely passed a word with the other custode, and the doors were opened at once. The public

officers understand the natural curiosity of Frank travellers to pry into their affairs, and profit by it to some purpose. No doubt, every cent of the forty dollars exacted for the document, by which access was given to the various interesting localities and places detailed thus far, went into the pocket of the Tefterdah', although the idea was held out that the whole sum would be distributed pro rata, among the mosques that were troubled by our presence.

Whatever is excellent in Turkey is to be found in Constantinople. Institutions of all descriptions have been matured there, if anywhere; and, being under the immediate eye of the government, are to be considered as developed and perfect as they can be under the auspices of Mahommedanism.

In the sense which we attach to science, there is none among the people. A learned man is one who can repeat by heart more of the Koran than somebody else; but in the exact or speculative sciences there is nothing that can be contemplated by a trained mind, as worthy of consideration. There are some mathematicians, but those who are distinguished are Arabs. I made an agreeable acquaintance in Damascus with Hakem Markarkar, who has the reputation of being a celebrated mathematician.

His family, for a hundred years, have been remarkable for their cultivation of that branch of knowledge.

The Turks have been fighters, instead of scholars. Medicine and surgery have been thought worthy of the sustaining influence of the last few Sultans. Not for the sake of the diffusive good that would result to the people from introducing skilful practitioners, so much as from a selfish policy of curing sick and disabled soldiers, and protecting themselves against the contingencies of ill-health. Armies must have surgeons; and economy suggested the manufacture of them at home, rather than to rely upon foreign countries for their assistance.

A medical college took its rise out of this idea; but it never has been, nor is it even probable that a native professor will ever have control of it. Germans, French and Italians, are placed in charge, and the students, instead of being voluntary applicants for education, are caught wherever they are found of suitable age, and, subsequently, moulded to the institution. Mere boys are placed under a system of primary instruction preparatory to a medical course. After learning to read and write, they are ushered into the anatomical theatre. Each one is

clothed, fed, and paid a small monthly stipend, while they remain, which means till they enter the army or naval service.

The first college, located at Pera, was burned down, as everything else is, occasionally, in Constantinople. A new and tremendously large edifice is now being finished on a commanding elevation, in which a preparatory school, and each and every branch, is to be taught.

An ambition for an university has led to the construction of buildings; but who are to be the teachers, or what is to be taught, is still an inquiry. There is not a high-school or an academy in Turkey, nor is any language taught beyond their own.

Without philosophers, philologists, linguists, mathematicians, astronomers, professors of literature or science, it will be a comical concern. If it ever goes into operation, the faculty must be imported, and the scholars also. It is quite probable that it will soon fall into the keeping of Koran readers, and those ecclesiastical dignitaries who divert the services of religion, and guard the faith from infidel contamination. They are the Pethva Eming, Arzuhaldjee Maktoobjee, and Ders Vekihy. As the sentiment is universal among them that all knowl-

edge worth having is contained in their inspired volume, what is not there is not worth possessing. Consequently, no advances can be anticipated under the weight of that opinion.

Astrologers are maintained, and their calling highly respected. Two are especially kept in the Sultan's service, with the rank of Oolema. Where astrology is held in estimation, and the affairs of government are transacted with reference to lucky days, there must be ignorance, which, at this late period in the history of the world, is the more extraordinary, because the light of science is shining brilliantly on every country but those in which Mahommedanism is in the ascendant.

Medical skill is held in estimation in Turkey, without reflecting upon the manner it is acquired. Mahmoud II., swayed by European minds, made tremendous efforts towards rearing surgeons among his own subjects. As in Egypt, those that have been placed under circumstances to exert themselves, and rise to distinction, have in no instance succeeded.

In 1827 the medical school of Galata Serai was opened in a building erected by Achmet III. for training and securing the royal pages. It was a

hobby with the Sultan while he lived. With his own hand he wrote the following inscription: "All who look upon this edifice will exclaim — Well done!" With a board of German and French professors, it progressed as favorably as any new thing could that conflicted with the long-cherished prejudices of the leading minds among the people.

While I was in Constantinople, the old college was in ruins, and a new one going up. The lectures were delivered near the arsenal, but their reputation was not so high as when under the patronage of Mahmoud.

Subjects for dissection were first procured through the determined agency of Mahmoud, who gave orders to Hakim Bashy and Taher Pashi, who had command of the fleet. "Thou shalt not open a dead body, although it may have swallowed the most precious pearl belonging to another," was the positive injunction of the Prophet, which was enough to forever prevent the study of anatomy. But even the authority of Mahommed was set aside, as it was in respect to wine, which Mahmoud drank till it killed him.

Seven medical gentlemen are attached to the present Sultan's household, one of whom is invariably

in waiting at the palace every night, whether their services are required or not. They are from France, England and Germany. It was the wife of his English physician who took up her residence in the harem of a distinguished Turk, leaving several children at a tender age. Her subsequent history terminated tragically, for she was privy to the murder of an old slave, and it was unknown what had become of her when I made inquiries. Opposed as the Sultan is known to be to capital punishment, it was conjectured that she had probably been lowered into the Bosphorus in a red bag.

Wherever I travelled, medical advice and opinions were sought for with avidity, but no one offered to pay for it.

Legal science is represented to be assuming a respectable position. All laws have their origin in the will of the Sultan, regulated by the divine directions of the Koran. Commentaries have begun to accumulate; reference is had to former decisions, and thus the value of precedents is beginning to be appreciated. Several digests of the laws and the practice of the tribunals have been written, which are sought for with confidence. Of course these are principally confined to the capital.

With half a dozen presses operated by the government, books have not been multiplied by them. So few can read, that no remuneration could be expected from the issue of an edition of such works as commentaries on laws. The Koran is destined to be executed by a pen, till the idea that it is profane to squeeze the sacred text in a press, like a tortured criminal, is overcome by a higher civilization.

Books have not been produced for the million, nor would it be worth while to have them, till educational processes have been commenced where there is a lamentable necessity for them. Those who can read are mostly instructed in the Koran. It is questionable whether there would or could be any demand for the best treatises extant, were they translated into the Turkish language, till the national spirit is changed.

Females in the highest circles — that is, in no circle at all, but confined to the apartments of a great man — rarely know how to read; yet there are slaves who can, and it is one of their employments to amuse their fair mistresses by reading to them anything they can procure that ministers to their amusement.

The Turkish newspapers can only be understood or appreciated by a comparatively few persons. Extracts from foreign papers are introduced, and a variety is presented in the topics, but there is no mind to grasp ideas. Indolence, bigotry, hatred of Christians, and a hearty contempt of all the rest of the world, stand amazingly in the way of intellectual advancement. Turks eat, drink, smoke and sleep; — whether they dream is uncertain. Resting in the opinion that all the world is in the darkness of infidelity, Mahommedanism alone being blessed with the special favor of Heaven, through the powerful agency of the Prophet, there is no hope for their conversion to Christianity.

Persian literature is prized above all other, and especially the poetry. There may have been a few Turkish poets, but my knowledge is too limited to speak decisively on that point. Several Turkish females have manifested considerable talent in that direction, according to popular report, whose names will be found in another part of these sketches.

I apprehend, however, that their manner of life is such, that striking figures, bold conceptions, and, above all, classical allusions, are never expressed in their poems. An active imagination, directed

by the finished productions of a Persian poet, may have accomplished enough to pass, among those of no literary cultivation, for a phenomenon.

Several works on history are extant, by Turkish authors. It is the only line of writing in which they have achieved a respectable standing. A simple narration of transactions is not a difficult undertaking, but it is, after all, the one which commands the meed of praise. The historian is either a chronicler of events, or a philosophical commentator on the phases of a nation, from one epoch to another; and our knowledge of man in different ages is through those relations. There are six printing, besides two or three lithographic presses, in the service of some of the government departments; but they are badly managed, chiefly in the multiplication of blanks for public offices. Books are to be had in the market-stalls, but generally at a very dear rate. They are principally purchased as curiosities, being executed with a pen. Perhaps in all the stalls there may be seventy thousand volumes on sale, — usually very thin, — and the majority of them are Persian, Arabic and Armenian. The proportion in Turkish is small.

A disinclination to sell Korans to foreigners is a

matter of conscience. Magnificent copies, of all sizes and styles of caligraphy, of that sacred volume, and the richest specimens, too, in the world, may be seen on the stands near the bodies of the Sultans, in the mausolea of Constantinople. On the whole, aided by the enthusiasm of a few English and French travellers, who have represented the march of Turkish literature to be far superior to what a sober investigation finds it to be, the Turkish mind is wofully dark.

CHAPTER XII.

Institutions of religion —Mahommedans subdivided into sects — Dervishes — Mosque of the dervishes — Spectators in their stocking-feet — Their music — Howling dervishes — remnants of the ancient fire-worshippers — Derived from the worshippers of Baal — Horrible instruments — Excitement of the dervishes — Daring feats — Feats of strength — Piercing the cheeks of boys — Attempts at miracle-working — The exhibition extremely rare.

It is admitted, without reservation, that the Turks are religious bigots. The government is predicated upon the revelations of the Koran. Law, physic, and divinity, must accord to the sentiments of that singularly-constructed volume, or not exist in Turkey, as they do in civilized countries.

Every man believes implicitly in the divine mission of Mahommed. There are no doubters, no hesitancy, but a firm reliance on the Prophet. There is a laxity, however, in some individuals, and an excess of fervor in others. As a nation, it is far more tolerant than any Christian country on the globe; yet there are persons of such fiery zeal, that, were they not restrained by fear of the civil and military powers of the pashas, they would cut the

throats of every man, woman and child, who presumed to differ from them in opinion.

The elements of bigotry are precisely alike in all climates. It is the first ambition of ignorant and fanatic professors of any faith to exterminate those who differ from them in religious sentiments. The Turks, therefore, are no worse in that respect, than others more enlightened and under a loftier and better dispensation.

Moslem worshippers are subdivided into various sects, who only differ from each other on certain points, but not so essentially as to interfere with a general harmony for the protection of the faithful of all shades and gradations of belief.

It must suffice for my purpose to introduce but two specimens of religious enthusiasts, leaving all minor sects of Mahommedans without notice, because they are comparatively tame and uninteresting characters.

All over Turkey, and, in fact, wherever the disciples of Mahommed have extended, the sect known by the name of *dervishes* have been established. They are in Egypt, and even in Cairo have a college with certain privileges, which are regarded as important by the people. Before the revolution in

Greece, they were there also. That beautiful and universally admired structure, belonging to a remote antiquity, a little north of the Acropolis, called the Temple of the Winds, was in the possession of the dancing dervishes when hostilities commenced. All over Syria they are found in the large towns, and also in Persia. At Pera there is a neat mosque for the service of that order of devotees, that is freely opened for the entrance of Franks, as readily as Turks, on the regular days of exaltation. It is a neatly-constructed building, of wood, at the extremity of a narrow lane, having something of a yard in front, in which women, children, saints, Christians and sinners, were waiting for the doors to be opened, when we arrived. When the bolts were drawn, every one rushed for a good place; but we were stopped by the janitor, who required us to take off our shoes. Some were so fortunate as to obtain slippers, but myself and companions pushed on in our stocking-feet.

Within, the entire body of the mosque was given up to the dervishes, with the exception of one corner, separated by a rail, behind which Christian spectators and others were permitted to stand. Directly over the front entrance was a small gallery,

or orchestra-box, for musicians; and on the opposite side, a corner concealed by fine wooden gratings, behind which females were indulged with a peep without being seen. The floor was a clean, well-scrubbed pine one, smooth and shining from the polishing action of human feet, year after year.

A priest, of mild expression, advanced in years, and of small stature, marched into the arena; and, having a sheepskin with the wool on, spread, squatted down upon it. Immediately the brethren came in, to the number of five-and-twenty, dressed in closely-fitting jackets, high felt caps of a sugar-loaf form, minus a brim, full, drab-colored petticoats, and bare feet.

Taking their places in a circle, two feet apart, with the right hand on the left shoulder of the next, the group had a picturesque appearance, in the stand-still position. Prayers were muttered by the director-general on the sheep-skin, and, when concluded, the music of a *ney* — a kind of flute, blown by applying the lips at the end — commenced, accompanied by tambourines, clapping of hands, and sometimes by the voice. It was the first and only time I ever heard anything like harmony in that country, from native performers, with

the exception of some of the Sultan's bands. Waiting with closed eyes till the music became loud, and to them exciting, each one began to turn on his own axis, while he progressed round the periphery of the great circle described by the whole company. They whirled faster and faster, cramping their toes into the boards till the veins swelled to the size of drum-cords, and the instruments became louder and louder, the air quicker, till the point of exaltation had been carried as far as the system would bear, when they all simultaneously came to a stand-still. After resting a few minutes, they re-formed again, and repeated the series of displays. Their faces were flushed, their eyes rolled up to the zenith with a devotional cast, and, when too giddy to stand a moment longer, they were considered in the most intimate communication with the prophet.

Having ascertained that an extraordinary religious ceremony would take place at the Mosque of the Howling Dervishes, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, we proceeded there in a caique, at a seasonable hour in the morning, to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing the whole. The orgies of these fanatics are among the strangest exhibitions

of humanity in the great city of the Sultan. From an historical inquiry, they appear to be really and truly the last remnant of the fire-worshippers of antiquity. Unfortunately, the rain was pattering so freely that, in walking up the hill to the mosque, we were both ladened with mud, and made thoroughly uncomfortable for want of umbrellas.

On reaching the door, no admission could be obtained for more than an hour, as the dervishes were at prayer. We were compelled, therefore, to stand wherever the rain could be best avoided, our clothing already saturated, and raked with a cold, sleety wind.

After waiting the longest hour imaginable, the outer gate of the yard was opened, and the rabble immediately made for the door. But, before any one was allowed to pass the threshold, sugar-plums and rose-colored sherbet were gratuitously and plentifully distributed. Each one drank what quantity he wished, and those who filled their pockets with the confectionary, heard no remonstrances. Some pious foundation probably bears the expense of the custom.

These fantastic exhibitors are descendants of the worshippers of the god Baal (or the Sun), whose temples once abounded throughout Northern Asia,

four hundred of whose priests were slain by the prophet Elijah on the banks of the river Kishon, near Mount Carmel, in Syria, — a spot which I visited with no ordinary emotions.

When Mahommedanism began to spread abroad, under the irresistible influence of Damascus sword-blades, those mad fellows cunningly engrafted just enough of the new religion upon their old, unmeaning, bloody rites, to save their necks; and, although they would soon shake off the trammels of Moslemism if they dared, those prophets of Baal are among the most devout of the orthodox and sanctified worshippers, to appearance, in the Orient.

The mosque of the howling dervishes of Scutari has side galleries. One is occupied by women, screened from vulgar eyes by fine lattice-work, and the opposite one filled with men. No females were admitted on the lower floor.

On entering from the front door, we turned to the right, into a kind of long pew, separated from the main apartment. The operating floor of the mosque, where the devotees assemble, is about forty feet square. At one end of the apartment sat the principal priest, a man of nearly fifty, with keen, restless eyes. On either side he was supported by

inferior priests, conjectured to be assistants, from the magnitude of their turbans and the fashion of their robes. They all sat on the floor, upon cushions. Back of them, next to the wall, were several very large, fat, gray-bearded, eminent men, well accommodated on soft mats. That they were very honorable somebodies was apparent, from the obsequiousness of the performers officiating in front.

Two parallel lines of worshippers extended down towards the other end of the mosque. On the plastering, suspended from the wall behind the chief operators, were horrible-looking axes; one having a rounded cutting edge full two feet long, and a tremendously long handle, befitting the hands of an Anak. Hooks, sharp spears, knives and horrible-looking instruments, without stint, were numerous, making a collection of tormentors, the invention of a brain that must have delighted in the agonies of despair, making one's flesh crawl to gaze upon them. A recollection of their strange crooks, and keen, thorny points, makes me recoil with horror. On the line midway between the floor and the galleries, were twenty-three full-grown tambourines, — eleven of them of the dimensions of a quart bowl, — and eight pairs of metallic cymbals.

For a considerable time the fraternity were engaged in an ecstatic prayer, wagging their heads on either side, with closed eyes and outspread hands, while the principal priest kept up a demi-musical recitative articulation. Suddenly, they sprang simultaneously to their feet, formed a circle, and, placing the right arm over each other's shoulders, commenced a movement faintly resembling poor dancing, stamping to the time of a monotonous chant, and coursing round and round in a circle. A low hum, resembling the drone of a bagpipe, as we hear them in the Highlands of Scotland, an octave below the tone of the leader, produced a striking effect even upon myself, a mere spectator. How much more intense, then, on those who understood the language, who felt the spirituality of their exercises, and look to heaven for a reward.

By degrees the devotees warmed up, till the mercury of their spirits reached the highest degree of infuriated enthusiasm. One after another threw off an upper garment, and all became as wild as maniacs in their gesticulations. Next, the ring was broken, and lines again formed. The singing became more impassioned, and there they stood, bowing and swaying without moving their feet, precisely as the

dancing-girls of Upper Egypt entertain their patrons. Finally, two stout fellows, stripped to the skin, all but their drawers, marched up reverentially to the priest, who put into their hands two wooden balls of lignum vitæ, some eight inches in diameter, projecting from which were poignards, ten inches long, bright and sharp. Giving themselves a haggard, demoniacal expression, the ball-holders flourished them in all directions, bowed repeatedly, but held the wicked poignards so loosely, and such was their careless activity, that I unconsciously skulked behind a pillar sustaining the gallery, lest one of them should slip from their grasp, and transfix my humble self, like a dead fly, to the wall.

At a moment when the whole assembly were contemplating the strange scene, and the inflamed disciples were wrought to the highest bearable point of extreme excitement, amid the din of tambourines, drums, cymbals, chants and intermittent howls,— low, solemn and unearthly,— one of them fell on his back, with the keen point of the dagger resting on the pit of his stomach. With a firm hold he held the gleaming steel perpendicularly with both hands, the wooden ball being above his clenched fingers. At this particular juncture, a resident of New York,

bearing the name of Brown, burst into an uproarious horse-laugh, to the astonishment, mortification and alarm, of all the European strangers present. Had he cried, we should not have wondered; but, to burst forth with a sardonic laugh, dumb-founded all the spectators. I tapped him instantly on the shoulder, and implored him, in the name of decency, propriety, and the laws of good breeding, to hold his tongue, as he actually endangered our lives.

Nothing would sooner rouse the sleeping lion, and in the twinkling of an eye kindle up a smothered hatred to Christians, like an insult of that atrocious character, in a mosque, while they were celebrating the mysteries of their religion.

Fortunately, the bewildering combination of noises from the instruments, human howls and clapping of the hands, prevented the worshippers from hearing Mr. Brown's ill-timed and inappropriate mirth. Had it been otherwise, and his vulgarian voice recognized above the regular uproar of the occasion, there is no predicting what might have been the consequences of that unaccountable explosion of vulgarity.

While the inspired, shirtless Samson was lying thus on the floor, face upwards, with the dagger pricking his skin, one of the priests, supported by

putting his hands on the open palms of two assistants, stepped up and actually stood with one foot upon the ball! I trembled with apprehension, for fear the weight of the holy old director should drive the sharp instrument through the prostrate body into the floor. Because the weight of the priest did not force the poignard in the line of direction, and kill the man outright, it was denominated a miracle! Surely, he was strong, unusually so, to have thus sustained a load of such ponderosity as the corporation of the priest, and by his fingers alone.

The Turks are immensely powerful, both in raising burdens and in sustaining them. I once met a porter in a street of Smyrna carrying a barrel of New England rum on his back. I knew what it was by the lettering on the head of the cask; yet he walked on as carelessly as if it was not a particularly difficult feat.

By a prodigious digital power the ball was kept up to its original level, though laden by the fat old Baalite. Had it settled the eighth of an inch, the needle point would have drawn blood, and the devotee been run through the middle.

Next, five boys, from twelve ranging down to

about six years, walked to the front of the calm priest, who took a sharp steel rod, the size of a large sail-needle, having a heavy flat handle in the form of a crozier, and thrust it through both cheeks of each lad — the handle being on one side, and the protruding point on the other.

Being between the jaws, they could not be closed. The youngest flinched a little, but the other four were particularly firm. They then took their places, unable to shut their mouths, while the blood trickled down their chins. Their distorted faces were extremely painful objects to contemplate.

At this stage of the exhibition, miracles were to be wrought for the recovery of some sick persons. One after another laid flat down on the hard floor, while the well-fed operator of a priest, in his stocking feet, trod on their bodies, and bore his whole weight on their chests. Five applicants were prostrate at once, over whom he walked with an air of unconcern, giving to each the pressure of his holy feet. Even a small infant was placed on the floor, to receive the torture of his pontifical tread. One female was led forward also, veiled, who was placed on her face, whereas all the others laid on their backs. When the steel stilettos were withdrawn

from the bloody cheeks of the boys, I examined the wounds of one of them, and, to my surprise, the little deceived chap declared that the acupuncturation did not hurt him. The gaping crowd of undignified Moslem starers viewed it as a most marvellous affair that neither of them were pained, maimed, or injured — a convincing proof to them of the divine nature of the act.

Government, to its lasting credit, has forbidden the practice of many of the cruel rites heretofore deemed essential by this sect, as being too abominable, both in act and tendency.

The feats I witnessed are only occasional. An American missionary, who has resided in Constantinople many years, told me he had never before witnessed a scene like the one here described.

CHAPTER XIII.

PUBLIC FOUNTAINS.

Well of Paradise — Water-bearers — Price of water — Aqueduct of Valens very extensive — Cemetery of Scutari — Ready-made epitaphs — Othman III.'s premature burial — Coffins not common — Mausoleum — Solyman and Mahommed II. — Bajazet II. — Seventeen murdered brothers — Mausoleum of Mahmoud II.

CONTRASTED with the fountains of Cairo, those of Constantinople are objects of attention. They are protected by singularly-contrived buildings, having a resemblance to one of the stories of a Chinese pagoda. Immensely wide eaves jut out from the main body, offering protection from the sun's rays or rain. That near the extreme gate of the Seraglio is studded over with sacred inscriptions from the Koran, and, by way of eminence, it is called *Selsebils*, the Well of Paradise. The golden inscriptions upon a cerulean ground extol the purity and sweetness of its waters, as excelling those of *Semsen*, the holy fountain at Mecca. In point of elegance of design, and beautiful architectural proportions, the fountain near the richly-finished mausoleum of Mahommed II.

excels all the others. It is called Simeon's fountain, and a preference is given to its waters over all others in the city. It is said that Mahommed II., having ordered the water of all the fountains to be tested by connoisseurs, who unanimously pronounced the water of this fountain to be the lightest and purest, immediately gave orders that the seraglio should, from that time, be supplied solely from this spring; and three horse-loads were daily conveyed to the seraglio, for the use of its inmates. It was carried in silver bottles, each being closed in the presence of an officer especially appointed for that service, and further sealed with soft red wax. A crowd of thirsty, black-bearded Mahommedans were invariably drinking its pure water, whenever we happened to pass by.

Water is brought to the capital from a distance. With a people proverbially temperate, both from choice and principle, an adequate supply was of the first consideration.

Water-bearers constitute a distinct class, who are divided into horse-watermen, and those who peddle the necessary of life from door to door. Those on foot, much after the fashion in Egyptian cities, have strong leather bags, or skins taken whole from the

animal, which they fill at the public fountains, and retail to families. It is a tolerable source of income. On the other hand, the horse-watermen merely lead about their laden beasts, the bags being large, and thus enabling them to return less frequently to replenish. All through the Orient, these skins, both for water and other purposes, when fluids are to be conveyed, are in universal use, as they doubtless always have been, from a remote antiquity.

A third order of water-bearers, precisely, in all respects, like the charity water-carriers of Arabic cities, move about, supplying gratuitously all who demand a swallow. They are paid from funds provided by conscientious, pious persons, whose benevolence must be appreciated, even by Christians. Those laborious fellows, always staggering under a heavy weight of the precious beverage, form a corporation by themselves. The patron of their guild is a Mahommedan saint, one Suleiman Kufaly, who once had the supreme happiness to present the Prophet water enough to satisfy his thirst. Being considered as an honest and discreet class of men, their entrance into houses is permitted at all hours. A multitude of families have no ser-

vants to go to the wells, and custom forbids the women to go; hence, the sakas are allowed this freedom. Report accuses them of being artful dogs, however, who, under pretence of gravely supplying the families of their customers, are sadly guilty of intrigues, both with the inmates of the harems and the menial female attendants.

A leather bag holding ten gallons is sold for ten paras, — equal to two cents, only, of our currency, — however far it may have been transported. An officer, called Sou Nazier, has under him the Sou Joldgi, and other hard-named servants and assistants, who have charge of all the fountains, keep them in repair, and seeing that no injury accrues to them.

While on the Giant's Mountain, we had a distant view of the white-washed arches of the great aqueduct of Valens, one of the Greek emperors, who ascended the throne in the year 376. It conducts water from hills near the Black Sea, and thus all the principal cisterns are kept full.

After having examined the immense burial-fields of this great city, in which grave-stones are numerous beyond any examples in Christian lands, the

question involuntarily obtruded itself thus: Where was so much stone worked?

All the burying-grounds are vastly extensive, filled with the tall, dark-green cypress, and the grave-stones huddled together, leaning at all conceivable angles.

A flat stone is either laid over the grave, with a mortice at one end, into which the foot of the upright head-stone is inserted at the head of the grave, and the tenon of the head-slab let into that.

If the grave is that of a male, the head-stone is surmounted by a heavy excrescence, made to imitate a turban. The patterns are various, and so is the workmanship. Millions of them have fallen and been broken, and others tumble over the first; and thus the burial-place of individuals is lost sight of in a few years, beyond the recovery of friends.

All the yards are dark, damp and dreary, by reason of the compactness of the trees.

On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, the cemetery of Scutari far exceeds all others in magnitude that I have seen in other countries, being over three miles long, by a mile in width apparently, and perhaps really so, in several places. As but

one body is allowed to be put in a grave, it will explain the amazing dimensions of the still increasing city of the dead. We rode by it on horseback, but did not penetrate its interior, dark and gloomy, like a primitive forest. Paths shoot out in various directions, and there are a few avenues, obstructed by heaps of broken grave-stones, and other accumulations.

Some travellers have been particular to dwell with enthusiasm on the beautiful appearance of the cypress, and especially in Turkish cemeteries, as being both majestic and solemnly appropriate to that especial service. To me it appears stiff, gloomy and unyielding. Forbidding as many of the grave-yards are, tasteless as all are at Constantinople, they are made infinitely more so by those sad-looking trees.

In consequence of the universality of the custom to have stones at the head and foot of every grave, the manufacture of them is a productive trade. All the shops and sheds of those who work in stone are filled, wherever there is room, with those ready for market, of various patterns and cost.

In connection with this profitable business, manuscript books of epitaphs are kept by the dealers,

out of which mourning friends select something appropriate to the circumstances, character, moral worth and other qualities, of their diseased friends.

A funeral is a hurried ceremony, which is presumed to be the means of burying many alive.

It is a historical fact that Othman II. was actually put into a sarcophagus while in an unconscious condition, that led to the opinion he was dead. Mustapha II. was immediately raised to the throne. Before the ceremony was concluded, it seems that his late august predecessor began to manifest unmistakable signs of returning life. The Grand Vizier, however, soon put all uneasiness on that score to rest, by heaping on a pile of gravel.

This Mustapha, who thus got into power in 1757, made rapid advances in civilization. Such was his respect for medical learning that he caused the works of Boerhaave to be translated into the language of the country, and further had his son inoculated for the small-pox.

Coffins are not common. After various washings of the body by persons set apart for it in the community, and the funeral clothing put on, a large sheet is wound round it, being long enough to be tied into a knot at either extremity. Next it is

carried away upon a bier. Hired mourners perform their part finely in counterfeiting grief.

The mausolea of the Sultans are curiosities, which on no account should be overlooked by the traveller. Kadines, those distinguished females of whom mention has been already made, as being set apart to be mothers of the royal children, cannot be placed, after death, in the same apartment with the illustrious father of their children, because they were slaves. Mothers of Sultans, however, their daughters and sons, are allowed the honor of a royal sepulchre, with their relations.

The mausoleum of Solyman and that of Mahmoud II. are truly beautiful, bearing no kind of resemblance to the sombre abodes of death to which we are accustomed, where civilization is credited with improving the public taste. Besides large, airy, above-ground apartments, well lighted, and ornamented with book-stands, for pious readers of the Koran, there are glass lamps, beautiful metallic candlesticks, lamps, ostrich eggs, elegant marble floors, drapery, heavy silk coverings, tassels, cashmere shawls, and rich parcels of carpeting.

A *Sandooka* is a kind of wooden coffin, laid on the floor, on a marble slab, that covers the body. A

Sultan's box is disproportionately large, but it is, therefore, the more imperial. Seven shawls, together with a bit of the holy veil brought from Mecca, adds to its sanctity.

Mounted at the elevated end of the *Sandooka* is a rich turban, bearing a cluster of diamonds in front.

Mohammed II. lies in state, quite alone. His mother, who is represented to have been a daughter of Charles VII. of France, is near by, where that conquering hero prepared for her, before his own death. While quite young, on the way to become the queen of John V., the Greek emperor, she was taken prisoner by a Turkish corsair, and given as an acceptable present to Murad II., the father of Mohammed II., whose existence was due to that extraordinary misfortune of his mother. The grandmother of Mejid, the mother of Mahmoud II., lies buried within the same enclosure.

Bajazet II., Selim I., Solyman I., Selim II., and Murad, are objects of curiosity. This last-named Sultan, Murad III., has by his side *seventeen murdered brothers and the son of Mohammed III.* Achmet I., Murad IV., and Osman II., strangled by the janizaries in 1622, and a host of murdered

princes put out of the way on the ascension of a new ruler, are sad and awful memorials of the bloody scenes that have been enacted in Constantinople, and may again be repeated.

But the mausoleum of Mahmoud II. is far superior to all others, and, as a piece of architecture, is truly a remarkable monument of taste and skill. We walked about in the vast room containing biers, sandookas, carved balustrades, drapery, Korans, shawls, jewels, aigrettes, peering through the magnificent windows to a fairy fountain, which belongs to the design, and it was difficult to realize that the dead were exclusively in the occupancy of the costly construction.

Spread about the lofty apartment are the indicated remains of the children and sisters of the stern, imperial Mahmoud. The female graves are not surmounted by turbans, while each prince is marked with that never-to-be-neglected emblem of royal condition or the accident of birth.

Some of the sepulchres of the mothers of Sultans are evidences of profound respect for their memory, by their turbulent sons. If they ever make a show of human affection, it is towards them. Very little is exhibited for fathers or brothers.

CHAPTER XIV.

CUSTOMS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Spirited horses — Arrabats — Teleka — Staring beauties — Dress of females all of one pattern — Always seating themselves on the floor — Chairs not used in the East — Position of shop-keepers — Ladies in yellow boots — Male costume — Dyeing the beard — Cripples extremely rare.

WHILE walking about the city, threading my way through narrow streets, strange sights were constantly presented, so unlike the occurrences in European towns, that it is difficult to make rapid progress. Such is the influence of novelty, combined with an instinctive desire to examine each oddity in detail, a week soon passes away in Constantinople.

Horses are kept saddled near the landing-places of the Bosphorus, and in various thoroughfares, where they can be hired very reasonably, for an excursion. They were not usually accompanied by their owners, or grooms, as in Syria. There they never trust strangers with their animals, far out of sight. Turkish horses are spirited, tender on the bit, thoroughly broken, and, to my taste, far preferable to donkeys for trips in the neighborhood.

The multitude is ordinarily on foot. Officers, gentlemen quite out of reach of the vulgar throng, either by their position or wealth, are frequently met on horseback, which is the only way of going abroad, unless they take to their feet like the masses, moving about in solid columns. If ladies ever appear on the saddle, it so happened that I did not see them. At Pera, there is one street wide enough, by adroit driving, to allow an ugly cart to pass along, filled with females, called an *arabat*. It is drawn by oxen, conducted by a bare-legged fellow, who manages his team with peculiar tact. All the women are closely veiled, of course, sitting on the bottom. The jolting is fully equal to that of a Western New York wagon, passing over a pole-bridge.

Those arabats are frequently met on the way to the outskirts of the city, to some favorite country place, the sweet waters, &c., gayly dressed with ribbons, and even the horns of the oxen serve for the support of long streamers.

Although the faces of the select party are properly secured, they contrive to see through the gauze coverings very distinctly, and chat and laugh with a heartiness, as the ugly machine rumbles along

over the rough pavements, as though there were actual enjoyment in taking an airing in an ox-cart.

Another common mode of riding out is, to get into a *teleka* — a coarse, heavy coach, drawn by one horse, led by a servant. Many of them are elaborately gilded. Being without seats, ladies sit flat on the floor, facing each other. As the side door has no glass window or blind, they seem to manifest a gratification in witnessing the living panorama of the streets.

Not unfrequently, the occupants of a *teleka* pop their heads out to stare an infidel in the face, which affords an opportunity for showing their brilliant kohl-painted eyelids.

Nature has bestowed upon the imported ladies — Circassians and Georgians — the finest of faces, and beauty of expression, which, heightened by art, make it no every-day feat to look one of them directly in the eye.

Groups of beauties may be seen, in fine weather, a little beyond the reach of noise and confusion inseparable from the stir of nearly a million of inhabitants, quietly seated under the shade of a tree, chatting, or moving in a very small circle about those who are lounging on bits of carpeting. Ser-

vants are invariably near at hand, and such is the vigilance with which ladies are watched, that it rarely happens they feel quite secure enough to wholly uncover their faces. To expose them, would be a scandal not easily overlooked. Their heads have the appearance of being bandaged, but the material is perfect gossamer in texture, and quite transparent, so that their beauty is actually heightened by the very process devised for concealing it.

Female dress appears to a stranger to be always the same in Constantinople, among those regarded as ladies. The extreme lightness, uniformity of pattern, color, even to their yellow slippers, is a marked peculiarity. They are not tall, but of medium size and height, but inclined to fatness. A life of indolence, and that chiefly in a reclining posture, — living on sweetmeats, fruits, drinking milk, and being wholly freed from mental anxiety, — conduces to that physical condition. Their longevity, as far as has been ascertained, is not remarkable.

Under all circumstances, in-door and out, the floor is where the Orientals seat themselves, or as near the earth's surface as possible. Thus men and women, at the mosque, in their own

houses, abroad for pleasure in the green fields, gazing on a destructive conflagration, listening to a story-teller, watching the bewitching gestures of a dancing-girl, or simply smoking away life, without care or thought for the future, or regrets for the past, sit flat down near the ground. Of course the rank and pecuniary ability of an individual determines the quality of the material between him and the dirt. A straw mat answers for one, a Persian rug for another, a yard of stair-carpeting for a third.

It did not occur to me to examine the interior of the royal box, — a conspicuous construction in all the first-class mosques, where the Sultan ascends by stairs, and goes through his devotions, — with reference to ascertaining if he sits on the floor, as his subjects do.

As in Egypt and Palestine, — in fact, throughout all Asia Minor wherever I have travelled, — a chair, stool, or a substitute for them, are quite unknown as articles of furniture. If they mount an elevation, as a trunk, for example, their legs are drawn up under them, and thus the position is precisely what it would have been on the floor.

When an Arab camel-driver becomes fatigued by

walking at the side of his patient beast, the posture of ease, when mounted on the saddle, is to coil up his limbs, and convert the calves of both legs into a sort of cushion.

There is scarcely a mechanical pursuit in which the artisan does not have that national attitude. Hundreds of pipe-makers may be seen in the bazaars, manufacturing mouth-pieces and long stems in turning-lathes, which are scarcely six inches above the floor. The turner sits on the floor, whirls the thing to be turned backward and forward, with a bow in the right hand, and holds the chisel in the left, guiding the cutting edge with his toes!

Shop-keepers, accountants, clerks in offices and public functionaries, are all down on the same low level, gracing the locality in a court of law with the name of divan. I once saw a judge on the bench, in his stocking-feet, using his knee for a writing-desk.

Musicians take the floor, too. Their wretched music is made worse than it need be, owing to the extreme difficulty of properly managing some of their instruments in a sitting posture. An exception is found to this general remark in regard to musicians, however, in military bands. But, left to

themselves, they would instinctively settle down into the most comfortable attitude known to them, — making a cushion of their extremities. In short, there is no condition of life in which a Turk can be placed that does not differ essentially from the European. His virtues are his own exclusively, and his vices bear no resemblance to the Christian's. He is honest from principle, but a fiend in defence of his faith.

Vast numbers of Turkish women are met in yellow morocco boots, protected by peaked-toed slippers without heels, strangely secured against the prying curiosity of infidels. In the market, too, they press onward in groups, inspecting jewelry, pricing delicate fabrics, and, above all, speculating, no doubt, on the busy world before them. When thrown off their guard, the bandage intended to secure all the face below the eyes slips quite to the mouth; and the first glimpse of a man who dares turn his eyes upon her reminds them instantly to lift the silken swathe up to its place. It is, therefore, a state of vigilance to keep bandaged satisfactorily. Each and every person who has the ability is ambitious to be dressed in the best manner. Ladies must spend considerable in the pur-

chase of some of the textures peculiar to their wardrobe, although the fashion appears to remain perpetually the same.

No garment could less interfere with the freedom of the body than those worn by the men. They are loose, tasteful, and very much add to the dignified appearance of those who are well dressed. Colors are various; no pervading hue seems at any time the rage. The cut, however, is always the same. A close-fitting coat, European pantaloons with stockings and boots, came into Turkey when Mahmoud brought about that unlooked-for revolution, the subjugation and slaughter of the janizaries. The Turkish gentleman, however, — the lover of the soil, and the hater of Jews and Frangees, — copies his ancestors, of glorious memory, who planted their banner where it still remains. Large pantaloons, without buttons, held up by a string or a rich silk scarf, with a scarlet, blue or red outer covering, having large sack-sleeves, a clean, white turban, and a freshly-shaven head, makes no contemptible appearance.

A distinguished appendage of a handsome Turk is a bushy, coal-black beard. Where nature has

provided one, it is nurtured with pride. All who would like one have not that felicity.

No one questions that they dye their beards, since it is incredible that a nation should be constituted of black-bearded men exclusively. I have seen some with red beard and whiskers, but they are rare. A color so disagreeable, as they view it, is made intensely black by processes unknown to us, far more simple than the expensive preparations used by waning bachelors among us, who aspire to be always young. Whenever there is a sudden commotion that brings rapidly together a large number of men, — as, for example, the fall from a horse, — it affords a perfect illustration of the character and fitness of their clothes, giving a striking contrast between the soft garments of the rich with the coarse and homely coverings of the poor. A perfect development of the body is never retarded by the vice of dress with those people, which is an advantage of the first consideration. In no country are there fewer distortions or malformations than in Turkey. It is quite remarkable to see a cripple in the streets of Constantinople ; and as for spinal diseases, they very rarely exist in the humble walks of life, although females of the lower

orders sustain heavy burdens upon their heads for transportation. Perhaps it is a labor imposed upon the cervical and spinal muscles, that conduces both to their strength, firmness of the bony column, and exemption from forms of disease that appertain to indolence and closely-fitted garments.

CHAPTER XV.

HOSPITALS.

Large size — Registration of names — Insane wards — The condition of patients — Use of opium — Hakem Lorenzo — Madjouns.

CHARITY is a distinguished virtue in the estimation of the Mahommedans. Constantinople cherishes many institutions that have for their object the comfort of the unfortunate. Hospitals in all other countries originated in a philanthropic and truly Christian spirit; but it is very questionable whether any higher principle than economy led to their establishment by the Sultan. Certainly Christianity had nothing to do with their development.

It was thought good policy, probably, to mend and repair those savage villains who have composed the armies of bloody, conquering Moslem heroes. I did not pay much attention, however, to the purely Turkish hospitals. The loss of life, through the ignorance of the native medical attendants, would be terrific. From a knowledge of their

own incapacity, they have generally employed European physicians and surgeons.

One of the best and most extensive hospitals belongs to the Greeks, located a short distance from the famous Seven Towers. With its immensely long wings, and ample accommodations, it appeared to be a receptacle for all Greeks who have no means of providing for themselves, when overtaken with sickness.

A large court was embraced by the hospital, in which there were drying-grounds for cloths, and paths, for patients to take exercise, entered through a high gate.

An office, on the right hand, was immediately within the arch, where we obtained permission to go precisely where there was nothing worth seeing.

Application had been made to the physician of the establishment, a Greek, several days before, for an opportunity to inspect the establishment; but it was disregarded, although he was informed that a medical stranger from America solicited the favor. Fearing that by waiting longer, the opportunity would be wholly lost, as all hope of a pass from the doctor had been abandoned, we rode on horseback to it. The ride afforded a fine view of the

city, from another point, gave us a correct idea of the Armenian and Greek quarters, besides the Seven Towers, and other objects of historical importance.

After lounging about the enclosure a little time, we walked into the office, where the directors happened to be on business. We made a request of them to go through the wards, stating that the object was to compare their accommodations and treatment with similar charities in other countries. On stating the fact that I was a physician, many civilities followed, quite beyond our expectations. Our names and country were requested. Being seated, staring each other in the face, neither party could possibly make the other comprehend what the other said, very satisfactorily.

However, one of the gentlemen marched to me with a sugar-bowl on a tray, with a silver teaspoon. Not knowing what was required, and hesitating, he made a motion for me to take a dose out of the vessel. It was a red, jelly-like confection, which created an immediate thirst, on being swallowed. That was the object, to give a relish to some tiny cups of coffee, that forthwith followed.

The directors then led off from one apartment to

another. We next requested to examine the insane. They granted the request with extreme reluctance; and well they might, from a consciousness that they both practised and tolerated something wrong in their treatment. Both men, boys and women, were actually chained by their necks, or wrists, to iron bolts in the floor. Mattresses were laid down, far enough asunder to prevent the wretched creatures from interfering with each other.

A boy had bruised his own head, shockingly, either with his chain, or upon the floor. Some were asleep, stupid, or exhausted by the weight of their miseries. A finely-developed Greek, from one of the islands, had been apprehended by the Turkish authorities, on account of some insurrectionary demonstration, that would have cost him his life, had it not been for the discovery that the bold hater of the Turks was unquestionably insane.

The Greeks plead for him successfully, and agreed to keep him a strictly secured prisoner for five years, at their own cost; and the custody of the daring fellow was given over to them. His eyes sparkled while relating his wrongs,— declaring, at the same breath, that he was no more insane than

his keepers, although heavily chained. Were he to get loose, the hospital would feel the vengeance of the law.

We did not continue our explorations very far, because the little shown was too painful to be prolonged. No effort at kindness, nor soothing sounds, ever strike the ears of those poor, afflicted beings. I believe the insane are fed and clothed, and the best of intentions influence those who have them in charge. But it will be a long period before people in Constantinople can feel that it is safe or humane to permit lunatics to exercise in the open air.

In the Turkish asylums, the system is precisely what it is under the administration of the Greeks, shockingly bad. Probably Greek physicians are employed, where any medical man is commissioned to visit them.

On the whole, the mode of management in the great *moristan*, or mad-house, visited by me in Cairo, is superior to the practice in Turkey, inasmuch as chains were never used, and the incarcerated, reason-bereft inmates had tolerable-sized rooms, and no interruption, in the way of exercise, while walking in them.

The other hospitals are conducted as they are

everywhere else, when under the judicious control of European surgeons, as most of them are. It is quite unnecessary to devote a line further to them, since the whole may be summed up in a few words, namely, the sick soldiers are received, and the surgeons cure them, if they can.

Opium is both smoked, as well as taken, it is surmised, in a Christian manner, by swallowing. This vice they unquestionably learned of Europeans; but the practice of excessive stimulation is confined to circles of the rich exclusively. It is not impossible that *hashhesh*, a compound prepared from the resinous tops of the Indian hemp, *Cannabis Indica*, may be secretly used at some of the out-of-the-way coffee-houses. The Turks study how to stimulate themselves without producing intoxication. Philters, or what might vulgarly enough be denominated *love-powders*, are greatly in requisition to recruit the exhausted powers of persons of the first rank.

Hakem Lorenzo, a Florentine, who was made *Hakem Bashi*, or chief physician (of whom we know nothing, consequential as he is in Constantinople), rose in favor, obtained immense wealth, and the particular friendship of Sultan Mahmoud (who

died, as before stated, of *delirium tremens*) because he kept his royal patron in a constant state of animal exaltation, by the *madjoon* he invented for the purpose. The Sultan considered himself wonderfully invigorated, in the manner he most desired, by the quack's medicines. An apothecary cannot succeed in Constantinople, unless he can prepare some sort of *madjoon*. All the Turks, of a certain condition, call for these supposed restoratives of an abused constitution. Some are lucky enough to have it bruited abroad that they have discovered a new preparation, a never-failing bracer, and, of course, it creates a sensation in the circle where such intelligence outweighs all other considerations.

Those so much coveted compositions are usually a mixture of cloves, musk, cinnamon, and similar spices; but their efficacy is chiefly due to excited imagination. Had the druggists the knowledge we possess of the specific action of the *Helonius divœciæ*, some strange physiological phenomena might be anticipated.

An impression is entertained, among those self-satisfied people, that the introduction of costly gems, such as diamonds, pearls, &c., or silver and gold, contain prodigiously active medicinal virtues.

Thus a pharmaceutic preparation is potent according to its cost. When such singular doses are ordered for the rich, the druggist contrives to cheat them out of the real articles, and substitutes something else, for which he obtains a gratifying profit.

On the other hand, medicines are actually put up for the purpose of tranquillizing the passions, which are influenced and excited by a life of dreamy seclusion in a harem, without a single intellectual pursuit, where youth and beauty are made prisoners for life, the property, perhaps, of an old man in his dotage.

Certain old women abound in Constantinople, who are in perpetual request by natives, as well as enlightened foreigners, on account of their accredited skill in curing obscure chronic maladies. Indeed, they are the great quacks of Turkey, penetrating the interior of families, and sowing the seeds of discontent where the master contemplates his treasures, not by stocks, bonds and mortgages, but by the transcendent beauty of his wives. Those old hags officiate in various capacities, and perform services for their employers that would be quite new to society in America.

CHAPTER XVI.

Trade and commerce — Greek sailors — A knowledge of navigation not essential in a naval commander — Beautiful steamers — Gift from the Pacha of Egypt — Sultan's voyage to Smyrna — Native merchants — Their integrity — Sovereigns of Turkey not travellers.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extent of the Ottóman empire, and the navigable waters at the command of the people, no progress has been made in maritime enterprise. The Turks are not seamen, even under the best advantages for developing nautical skill. With hundreds of beautiful harbors, the Black Sea, with its incalculable riches, and the seat of empire, Constantinople, in the focus of natural trade for the whole world, were it not for the persevering energy of European nations, and the Americans, but very few vessels would ever glide over the bosom of their own waters.

They possess neither taste nor mechanical ingenuity in naval architecture, although the government, at the present time, has some of the finest

war-ships and steamers that ever floated through the Dardanelles. To foreign artisans, and foreign designers, is Turkey indebted for all her beautiful vessels.

Greeks are valuable sailors, because there is an energy of character in them. The commercial relations of their former oppressive masters with other nations, wherever any existed, was through their efforts. They built fine coasting vessels, and sent their workmen to those islands that furnished the most appropriate timber to construct ships; and, had it not been for the short-sighted policy of the divan, constantly discouraging and embarrassing their efforts, the Mediterranean, ages since, would have been swarming with masts bearing the crescent.

After the achievement of Grecian independence, which was accomplished by the most heroic deeds of daring, and the memorials of the revolution had become partially forgotten by the masses of bigoted Mussulmans, the industrious Greeks renewed the business of ship-building at Rhodes, and other equally advantageous stations for commercial thrift; but Turkish ignorance, stupidity and jealousy, drove them off, never to return till better times come round.

Mr. Eckford, an American naval constructor, under the patronage of the late efficient Sultan Mahmoud II., designed and completed ships that are unequalled for beauty, capacity and thoroughness, and it might, perhaps, be said, or magnitude. Even with such vessels, as good as they could be, the government could never rely upon Turkish sailors to man the ropes, or navigate them at sea.

Greeks form a majority of the seamen, and, although the number retained on board the Makmodiah, the wonder of the day, is so small as scarcely to be sufficient for manning the yards, still, they are mostly Greeks. There is every appearance that the few vessels lying before the mosque in the Golden Horn will, piecemeal, fall into decay, and finally drop to pieces in front of the arsenal.

Some of the highest naval functionaries were never out of sight of land. An admiral of the fleet may have been raised from the bench of a shoemaker. It is sufficient, if the Sultan wills it: — he can make and unmake at his pleasure. Experience seems to be no recommendation at all, either with his serene majesty on the throne, or in the great council of state, for commanding positions in the naval service. Repeated instances are recorded of

men being converted from land favorites to marine heroes, who, perhaps, were never on the deck of a gun-ship till they walked it with the dignity of commander-in-chief. It is impossible, therefore, with such views of what is necessary as a qualification for maritime life, that either a mercantile or national marine should thrive. The Turkish mind seems not to comprehend why a successful Pacha may not navigate the ocean, and achieve glory on the restless billows, as well as with an army on terra-firma.

Daring as they are on their own soil, or when goaded on by a fanatical spirit for the subjugation of Christian infidels in war, they are wholly destitute of those properties which fit men for the excitements of ocean life. They, therefore, must always be dependent on foreigners for manning their vessels; and, consequently, no progress has, or ever will be, made by them in commercial intercourse.

A nation, however favorably located and ambitious, in this age, cannot make advances in power, and certainly not in civilization, without the first element of national grandeur — commerce. Hence, the Turks must deteriorate, and lose instead of gaining wealth or vitality. Their institutions cannot stand under the influences to which they are exposed

through the direct contact of Christian powers. While the world is advancing in intelligence and moral strength, Turkey withers and wanes.

In speaking of the celebrated island of Rhodes, in the course of these observations, the absurd policy of the Turks will be shown, in the signal manner in which they have contrived to drive to the verge of destruction one of the fairest and most productive islands in the Mediterranean, by forcing away the Greek ship-builders. If they cannot have a perfect monopoly, in every case, the government prefers to have nothing at all.

Several beautifully-modelled steamboats, lying at Constantinople, appear rather objects of interest than utility. Occasionally, one of them is seen moving, but rarely. On a certain occasion when the Sultan had gone through with the drudgery of state, on Friday, having said his prayers in a royal manner, while the troops were under arms, and the population in commotion to obtain a peep at the unmatched monarch, he stole away from public gaze, and was rowed rapidly away to a steamer in the Golden Horn. I saw him ascend the gangway, with a lively step. The steam was not up, and he must have either amused himself by inspecting the machinery

and interior finish, or, screened by a partition, he speculated upon the multitude of human beings who were watching his august movements. We could not discover when he took his leave, or how or when he returned to the palace.

An old-fashioned steamboat, that used to ply between Bangor and Boston, many years ago, is gradually turning into dust, near where the fleet is anchored.

When the late Sultan purchased it of some enterprising Yankee, who had the temerity to cross the Atlantic in the frail thing, it must have been considered a masterpiece of mechanism, or it never could have been disposed of at all. The heavy, coarse build, the ungracefulness of the hull, the bluntness of the bow, and the general uncouthness of the boat, as a whole, is in striking contrast with the light, elegant French and English boats since purchased by the Sultan.

While at Constantinople, we saw a magnificent steamboat, of medium size, that had been presented to the Sultan by his wary vassal, the viceroy of Egypt, Abbas Pacha. Although constructed, said report, mainly at Alexandria, it was thoroughly an English boat, and probably built in England, where

his Egyptian highness has had several orders of that kind executed.

Just before my arrival at Smyrna, the Sultan had been there, and made an excursion through some parts of the city. He came down from Constantinople in one of the steamers.

Preparations had been made on a magnificent scale, in Oriental taste, we were informed, by the Pasha of Smyrna, even to lodging the descendant of the Prophet, on shore, over night. But his majesty, for reasons best known to himself, merely rode through some of the principal streets, and quickly returned to the boat.

It was remarked that, even while on horseback, the little time that he was mounted, he betrayed evident symptoms of uneasiness. He, probably, felt that a bullet from an obscure window might be as detrimental to his royal head in Smyrna as anywhere else.

No enthusiasm was discoverable in the people; no cries of "Live forever, O king!" nor was a single gun fired in honor of their sovereign's arrival or departure. It is not customary to manifest their satisfaction either by an uproar or fine speeches, but with the smoke of tobacco-pipes.

Had Sultan Mejid inquired into the statistics of the loyal city, he would have ascertained the population to be not far from two hundred thousand, composed of Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Christians and Turks.

Mosques are numerous, but not remarkably elegant. All the public offices are mean-looking retreats, in which very grave, eminent persons smoke away life, dipping largely into the revenues that pass through their fingers. A more proverbially honest set of merchants could not be found. In all their extensive bargainings with foreign merchants, their word is always sufficient, and a strict fulfilment of their obligations is rarely violated in the slightest degree. The Sultan might have been instructed in regard to the commercial enterprise of his principal maritime city, had he had a particle of curiosity, or anxiety to understand the resources of a flourishing port.

Whether any of the ladies of the royal household accompanied their lord and master was not known, and it was equally uncertain in what way he was provided for on board. Of course, every measure was taken to make the excursion as agreeable as possible, but what would be held to be so, was a

question that the European residents were curious to ascertain.

The trip was extended no further than Smyrna, and it may be safely presumed the Sultan has never been a greater distance from Constantinople, in any direction, within the boundaries of his ample Moslem estate. His predecessors were never distinguished for a love of travel.

When roused by a love of conquest, some of them have exhibited the ferocity of tigers, accompanying their armies more for the purpose of goading them on to exterminating slaughter, than from feelings of humanity, to prevent misery, studying the resources, or contemplating the benefit of the country. As a mere tour of pleasure Sultan Mejid's hasty voyage to Smyrna has had no precedent in the history of his family.

CHAPTER XVII.

Boundaries of the empire indistinctly defined — Square miles in Europe — Population in Asia — Cultivation of hatred to Christians — Climates — No frosts in Syria — Miserable system of agriculture — Tartar origin — Progress forced upon the people — Fury when roused — Consciences at rest — Fatalists — Starvation — Never seek a market — Naval architecture — Potatoes rare — Manufacture of wine — No national faith — Large estates — Former survey of lands — Resources of the soil — Neglected fields of Sharon.

ALTHOUGH travellers range freely through all parts of Turkey, in Europe or Asia, no accurate knowledge exists in regard to the exact boundaries of the empire. It is questionable whether the government could positively define their exact line of frontier in any direction.

Western Asia, and the south-eastern part of Europe, are the regions in which Turkey is the ruling power, notwithstanding the circumstance that there are several independent provinces, or so nearly so, that the Sultan has little or no control over them. It is the opinion of some geographers that about two hundred and ten thousand square miles, with a population of upwards of sixteen millions,

comprises the possessions of Turkey in Europe. In Asia, by including Asia Minor, the neighboring islands, Armenia, Koordistan, Syria, the Holy Land, Mesopotamia, and a large section of Arabia, she has four hundred and thirty-seven thousand square miles, with a population presumed to be equal to seventeen millions.

Thus, it is quite probable, the sceptre of the Sultan embraces very nearly thirty-three millions of people, of various languages and habits, including Jews, Armenians, Egyptians, Greeks, and almost unnumbered tribes of semi-barbarians, prowling about in pursuit of food and barter, or offering their services to the highest bidder, in expeditions which promise an opportunity for plunder.

Under circumstances of national excitement, especially when roused by a religious zeal, immense bodies of troops have always been raised very readily; but, with such resources for soldiers, it is by no means certain that government have ever had any accurate idea of the population, or its ability to sustain a war. There have always been efforts, on the part of the monarch, to keep up an active hatred towards Christian nations, which the public readers of the Koran have inflamed and propagated from

one generation to another, since their entrance into Europe, and the taking of Constantinople.

Under the late Sultan, Mahmoud II., however, who was a progressive man, a more liberal feeling was cultivated, and a degree of toleration permitted that would have astonished the pashas of fifty years ago. In short, it is pretty certain that Turkey is really ignorant of the statistics of its own dominions.

The physical appearances of the country, on both continents, embraced in the domain of Turkey, present the general features and aspects of other countries, varying, of course, with the conditions of climate, and the latitudes and longitudes of each and every portion. While some parts are mountainous, sterile, cold, wet and forbidding, others present the mildest and most agreeable temperature. Such, too, is the appearance, moral and physical, of the people,— partaking, to a remarkable degree, and harmonizing with nature in her exhibitions of soil and climate.

Perhaps enough may have been said respecting the origin of the Turks, in the foregoing pages; still, it is proper to advert to their Tartar origin, modified and softened from a rough type of humanity,

as they must have appeared at the commencement of that bold, successful movement, when they first determined to leave the shores of the Caspian Sea, and seek for adventure, and propagate a new faith, among strangers, in far-off tribes and nations.

A change in the character of the seasons, from those to which the people of northern Europe and New England are accustomed, becomes very marked in Syria, and, in fact, the whole of Asia Minor. One part of the year is chilly and rainy; the other, agreeable and fertile, even to exuberance, where the soil is propitious. Nothing like a northern winter is known. The frost never hardens the surface of the ground in Palestine, and there is scarcely a portion of a month in the twelve, when some vegetable evidences of the genial influences of the climate are not recognized in the fields.

Flocks and herds abound everywhere. Sheep, goats and horses, are raised in prodigious numbers. No people estimate more highly than the Turks the usefulness, sagacity and intrinsic value, of the horse. Their coursers are not unfrequently their most intimate companions; and, hence, the genealogies of some favorite mares are carried back, with the pertinacity of Chinese chronologers, almost to the period

when the progenitors of a pet of the tent walked out of the ark on the subsidence of the waters.

No attempts to sustain their general system of agriculture would be countenanced a moment, by a person with a single grain of common sense. It is extremely rude, unsatisfactory, and, worse still, there is no prospect of its becoming better.

Where there is no progress in those arts which contribute to the necessities of a people, civilization can make but slow, if any, advancement. A determined adherence to the customs and habits of their ancestors, is a peculiar trait in the Turks. The same awkward ploughs, axes, tools of all kinds, and the manner of using them, are transmitted from age to age, like the fashions of their garments. They have no productive commerce, commensurate with the vast resources of the empire, simply because their agriculture is unimproving.

Progress is not agreeable; improvements are viewed as innovations, exciting the prejudice of the masses against any and every thing which differs essentially from themselves, or their standard of thought. Whatever is modern in the discipline, dress, tactics and general circumstances of the army, was forced upon it by the indomitable will

of the late sovereign, but never adopted on account of the excellences of the system above the old, shabby, demi-savage regulations that formerly obtained, under the Sultans of the last and preceding centuries.

Wherever the Mahommedan faith is in the ascendant, whether in Asia, Africa, or Europe, an expression of deterioration is recognized. Indolence, or rather a moderation in the ordinary pursuits of life, as in trade, commerce, the arts, both in door and out, are apparent, and beyond contradiction.

Nothing but an insult to religion, or the tauntings of a political foe, can rouse a genuine Turk from a quiet deportment. When he is excited, however, he is changed instantly to a fiend. His rage is terrible, and his passions runs mad, when once roused from the moderation which is usually contemplated by strangers with admiration.

Neither honor, wealth or position, out-weigh the religious element that animates a true Turk; that is, true to the letter of the moral law, as taught him from the Koran. Yet it may appear quite absurd to speak of what does not exist in his breast. Still, he pleads duty, and perhaps the dictates of

conscience. The first is embraced in crushing Christians. An instinctive perception of right from wrong belongs to every person of sound mind, without doubt, whether Jew or Gentile. From causes unknown to us, the Orientals have succeeded in smothering its cries.

With the proverbially bad tillage of the land, and the utter neglect or ignorance of the means of rendering it more productive, no attention to manuring or a rotation of crops being generally observed, Turkey never imports breadstuffs from abroad. Famine has overtaken them, but, in no emergency of that kind, have they sought the means of sustaining life from other nations. Their full belief in the unalterable decrees of Providence are sufficiently powerful to restrain even the hungry man from pursuing an unusual step to save his own life. Whatever is decreed by the determinations of heaven, must take place; and, therefore, it would be impious to attempt running counter to such high mandates. Thus, when overtaken by unusual calamities, they find consolation in the assumed fact that things are going on properly, and in accordance with the will of God, even should the race be sacrificed to plague or starvation.

The masses can fall back for sustenance on their flocks, when the harvest happens to fail. Strictly, the Turks are less dependent upon bread, in the technical sense, than the Europeans; and hence we rarely hear of any amount of suffering from short crops, blights, or mildews.

With their miserably defective agricultural skill, vast amounts of grain are exported by the English, French, Italians, and sometimes in Russian vessels; and there is no reason why they should not supply the demands of half the European nations, whose limited or unproductive territories oblige them to seek, away from home, a large amount of corn, wheat, beans, peas, oats, and other grains.

If they have a surplus of produce, the Turks are ready to sell it; but the idea of seeking a market is out of the question. Those who go in pursuit of it may purchase on fair terms; and thus their wool, goat's hair, skins, figs, tobacco, wheat, barley, olives, morocco, raw-silk, &c., are continually exported by foreign shippers, which, otherwise, would never be conveyed far from where they were grown.

A careful examination of their mechanical skill, as shown in vessels of their own construction, boats, houses, and domestic utensils, show very clearly that

their constructive powers are feeble, as well as crude. Whatever is excellent in naval or land architecture, is the contrivance and execution of foreign artisans. In saddlery, housings for the horses of military officers, pipes and jewelry, they are equal to the best manufacturers, in the style required by the national standard of taste. But there is no progressiveness in their mechanism. They reproduce the same patterns and fashions from one age to another. Some travellers wholly over-estimate the actual state of the manufacturing interest, when they speak of it as the results of Turkish industry. The beautiful silks and satins are fabricated by Syrian, Armenian, Greek, and other hands, the subjects of the Sublime Porte. Detach them from the empire, and the pure Turk would have no claims to notice, on the score of a productive agent.

Through the activity and industry of the mixed races, interspersed over the whole length and breadth of the possessions of the monarch, the conntry has credit for accomplishing, in the peaceful arts, what the indolent Turks could not achieve under any circumstances.

Crops vary in the different provinces, according to the climate, appetites, customs, whims, or, in-

deed, prejudices of the inhabitants. At one place, for example, rice is grown extensively, and enters very largely into the every-day diet of the people, while in another maize is prized above all other grains. Beans, peas, cabbages, onions, melons, and peppers, are eaten, generally, where they can be grown. Potatoes are not diffused everywhere, as in the United States. In Syria they are rarely seen. A dish of them was set before me, on a particular occasion, in Jerusalem, as a luxury, on account of their rarity — having been brought from England. In Bosnia, Croatia, Montenegro, and Albania, however, potatoes are quite common, though not very highly estimated.

It is well known that in ancient times the Jews raised swine extensively, which they sold to the surrounding heathens, notwithstanding the fact that they regarded the flesh as sinful food. With equal abhorrence of wine-drinking, the Turks actually manufacture considerable quantities of red wine. In Wallachia, Bulgaria, and half-a-dozen other fertile sections of the empire, some very tolerable wines are produced. A question arises respecting the consumption of these products, because the quantity exported is but small, while the number of gallons

in a single season very much exceeds the demands of a Mahommedan population, upon the supposition that the true disciples of the Prophet never profane their lips with the prohibited beverage. They evade the requisitions of the Koran quite ingeniously in Bosnia and its neighborhood, by using a liquor called *slivovitza*, made from the juice of plums.

Flax, hemp and cotton, might be advantageously raised, and in great abundance, too, if the farmers felt that their industry would be protected. It has become so general that the pashas are oppressors in the rural districts, — the law being their individual whim, rather than an opinion founded on equity, where no common law exists,— the less a man possesses, the better he fares. Large crops sometimes invite the most determined hostility of an official in high standing. Even in these later times, when the government endeavors to protect the interests of the community against the rapacity of its servants, long years of oppression have made all classes distrustful, and indolence is therefore in the ascendant, where there would be uninterrupted activity, were any confidence felt in the faith of the government.

In the prosperous days of Turkish warfare and conquest, the Sultan systematically divided any newly

acquired territory into *zaimets*, or estates, which were presented as outright gifts to the most devoted or distinguished military favorites. When thus acquired, they were transmitted in families to some extent, as hereditary properties, always at the mercy, however, of the sovereign, who retained the power, as a characteristic feature of the most perfect of despotisms, to dispossess the owner, and divert the land to other hands, at his will and pleasure. Properties in the remote provinces, in consequence of being both out of sight and out of mind, by reason of distance from the focus of power, have rarely been disturbed, in the course of several centuries, and hence there are families of large hereditary landed possessions, the heads of which are usually men in high official positions. Farmers, under the common name of *rayahs*, were formerly excessively oppressed by the *spahi*, or proprietors; but, within the last few years, their condition has become more tolerable, with the gradual infusion among the masses of the principle of justice in low life as well as high. Possibly the intermixture of Christians, and the influence which they are silently exerting, without exciting the fears of the ignorant Mussulmans, has contributed to this result.

While Solyman occupied the throne, a survey of all estates containing five hundred acres or over, was ordered, and it was ascertained that there were three thousand one hundred and ninety-two of them. Those containing from three hundred to five hundred acres of land, were fifty thousand, one hundred and sixty. All those thus registered, gave a revenue to the royal coffers of four millions of dollars per annum.

As lately as 1818, in Turkey in Europe, it is known there were then nine hundred and fourteen of those great estates, or zaimets, and one thousand four hundred and seventy-nine in Asia, yielding to the treasury, from each, an average tax of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. There have been so many internal commotions since that period, and changes of various kinds, that it is now extremely difficult to obtain statistical information on those points.

Throughout Syria, and, in fact, wherever the Turkish arms were victorious in the aggressive wars in which the nation was formerly engaged, immense tracts of the finest land in the world are wholly unoccupied to the present moment, unless temporarily fed by roaming Bedouins, slowly driving their

herds before them in the season of sweet grass. The magnificent plain of Sharon, celebrated for its beauty and fertility from the earliest period of Jewish enterprise in Palestine, has scarcely an inhabitant, simply because the government claims exclusively the jurisdiction over the whole of it. No one is authorized to sell or to lease its fair fields, and to attempt cultivation without proper security for life and property, would be hazardous in the extreme.

Such, too, is the case in regard to the vast and rich plain of Cœle-Syria, between Libanus and Anti-Libanus, in the same country. It is desolate, with the exception of a miserable village about the colossal ruins of Baalbec, at the northern extremity. A new impulse came over the government in 1851, and, contrary to all former usages, an order was issued from the divan at Constantinople to offer this plain for sale, in sections of three miles square. The price asked by the agent, at Beyroot, was only fifteen hundred dollars. But no one dare purchase, because there was no security for betterments, nor, indeed, a ray of probability that the harvest could be secured, were the crops permitted to ripen. No confidence is reposed in the strength or good inten-

tions of the government, and hence no one embarked in the purchase. The same state of things exists all over the domains of Turkey.

The resources of the soil, even under a wretchedly poor system of culture, are equal to the maintenance of three, if not six, times the supposed population of the empire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEIGHBORHOOD OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Neighborhood of Constantinople — Large houses — No carriages — Bugerloo — Country residences — Scutari — Valley of the Nightingale — Mosque reared by the daughter of a Sultan — Printing establishment — Making paper — Dislike of the Frangees — Beautiful children — Female servants never employed out of harems.

One of the perplexing circumstances attending a visit to Constantinople grows out of the difficulty of determining where the city is and where it is not. No such embarrassment is felt in any other place in Turkey. From its location on both sides of the Bosphorus, and the complicated net-work of narrow lanes, often very steep, dark and forbidding to a stranger, although dignified as streets, without a guide familiar with each and every curve, minaret and landmark, it is impossible to explore either the city or the environs. One day we crossed over to Scutari, having fine horses, for an excursion on the Asiatic side. After passing beyond the immediate margin of the houses which defined the line of city population, the country opened magnificently. Vast

fields of rich, but miserably-cultivated, land, were spread out as far as the power of vision extended. There were scarcely any land-divisions, except near some solitary dwelling. About three miles distant from the Bosphorus carried us quite beyond even country establishments.

Several large houses, having a lonely, solitary appearance, with latticed windows, — the probable temporary residences of well-to-do gentlemen of the city, — were past; but neither cheerfulness of aspect, the hum of human industry, nor tasteful improvement of the grounds, was recognized in a single instance.

No carriages rumble along the way, for the best of reasons, namely, there are no roads that would admit them. Those excessively awkward, fantastically-ornamented ox-carts, which are occasionally driven through one of the streets of Pera, — perhaps the only one in that section of Constantinople wide enough to admit a wheeled vehicle, — are rarely to be found anywhere but there, and on the way to the Sweet Waters.

Occasionally we passed a fat Turk, trotting at a leisure pace, who appeared to be at peace with the whole world, from the complacency with which

he contemplates the picturesque scenery at the base of an elevation called the Bugerloo.

A few females were scattered in groups between the tall tomb-stones of the vast cemetery, — the largest, without doubt, in any country of modern times; but they invariably drew down their veils as we neared them, and wandered off among the trunks of the tall, sombre cypresses, quite beyond the ken of vision.

After galloping from one point of interest to another, we finally ascended the side of Bugerloo. The elevation is sufficient to give a view of the city and vicinity, which, for beauty of appearance, is unrivalled. The domes, minarets, columns, towers and lofty edifices, have a splendid and truly imposing air of richness, magnificence and grandeur, from that lovely but neglected position. Those fine edifices were presumed to be the residences of such denizens of the great city as prefer to be beyond the scrutiny of their prying neighbors.

Some of the most costly, and certainly by far the pleasantest dwellings in the possession of the Turks, are on both sides of the Bosphorus towards the Black Sea. They always have a sombre look, however, there being no appendages of a domestic

establishment, like those of Europe or America, and which give animation to it.

No open doors are permitted; noisy, frolicking children never enliven the apartments; so that the passer-by recognizes no indications of that kind of every-day felicity which characterizes the homes of a corresponding class in other countries. By this, I mean corresponding in that social position which has its foundation in property, but in no other way.

Scutari presents many objects of interest to the stranger; but it seems to be rather neglected, in consequence of its locality on the shore of another continent. It is a city in all the essential characteristics, although viewed and governed as a section of the city of the Sultan. A carriage might pass tolerably well through some of the streets, which are wide, and kept in better condition than those at Pera, on the opposite coast.

There is a beautiful valley, — *Bulbul Derici*, — the abode of the nightingales, which, in connection with the magnificent hill of Bugerloo, under any other people than the satisfied and self-conceited Turk, would have become one of the loveliest places on earth.

Nature has been extremely bountiful in the

arrangement and diversity of the scenery; and what of it has not been marred and defaced by a succession of semi-barbarians, through a succession of ages, is still extremely lovely and commanding. Usually, the ministers from Asiatic powers, have their official quarters at Scutari, which is doubtless more agreeable to them than Pera, where the European representatives reside, on account of the inhabitants being nearly all Mahommedans.

The few Jews and Armenians who have a foothold there, are not a source of annoyance, much as they are abominated by pious Moslem believers. A splendid mosque, erected by a favorite daughter of the Magnificent Solyman, — as he was styled by his cringing subjects, as well as Kanuni, which means institutor, — considering the period of its erection, is a noble structure. It was built in the year 1566. In his reign, Elizabeth was on the throne of England.

The traveller should examine the mosque with care exteriorly, and, if he has been so fortunate as to procure a firman for entering the inside of these holy places, a series of surprises await him.

Sultan Selim once set up a printing-press in Scutari, and undertook also to manufacture cotton

in a large way ; but they fell into disrepute among the ignorant, fanatical rabble, and when he died they were destroyed.

From the highest eminence on the Bugerloo, sitting upon our horses, the vast panorama of Constantinople could be taken in by the eye. It is unequalled for the variety, beauty and magnificence of scenery, combined. Another very charming prospect is obtained lower down, at a spot known as Fenner Batchi, from which the various islands, lovely as possible, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the calm sea, are unsurpassed in all that is delightful in water prospect.

No circumstance surprised me so much as the spiteful, disturbed expression of the females we passed on that excursion. It is true but very little of their faces was exposed, yet a keen black eye occasionally peered out by the side of a closely-drawn veil, and it flashed with an unmistakable energy at every infidel it rested upon. Some of them muttered a hasty sentence, as they rushed by ; and others, when at a safe distance for retreat, in case of a demonstration from us, raised their voices a tone or two higher.

Turkish children are truly beautiful, when well-

dressed. Even with infants, fine clothes contribute to their loveliness. With the upper, independent classes, an ugly-featured child would be an anomaly, for the reason that their mothers are selected on account of their good looks; and, hence, the race is physically improving, as the family progresses. Of course, the poor, or such as occupy intermediate places, between simple artisans, shopkeepers, like those removed by their possessions beyond the necessity for servile employments, cannot indulge in the luxury of foreign wives; and their faces, therefore, are of a coarser mould, their expressions harsh, and the cheeks angular.

We could not discover that the same ridiculous notions were entertained by mothers that obtain universally in Egypt, that infants should remain incrusted in dirt, till one year of age. Boys are held in higher estimation than girls, and are commonly more caressed, even by their nurses, fathers, and mothers.

In no instance, where groups of females were enjoying themselves under the shade of wide-spreading trees, or rowed in boats about the unequalled harbor, above the bridges, were little childen ever seen with them. Perhaps they might have been an

annoyance on these pleasure excursions; or home was thought a fitter place for them, under the charge of slaves.

Occasionally we met servants carrying costly-dressed little ones, followed by ladies enveloped in such extraordinary contrivances, that nothing but their yellow slippers could be recognized, as an appendage of a female.

Wherever we were brought in contact with servants, they were remarkable for their uniform propriety of conduct. Female servants are never employed beyond the harems, unless in the office of airing the inmates of the nursery. Stout men in the houses of the Frangees, or foreigners, execute all the functions which the other sex are in the habit of doing for us.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARRIAGES AND DIVORCES.

Contract marriages — Children of slave-girls — Propositions to a father for his daughter — How a second is procured — Christian females — A wife in her own apartments — Daughters of Sultans — Divorce — Woman's privileges.

THERE can be no elevated approaches to civilization in a country where the females are deprived of those natural rights, which are recognized in Christian governments. Nor is it possible for men to entertain those patriotic feelings, sense of justice, or interest for each other, in communities where woman is only prized for her features, and moral beauties were never discovered in her character.

A work was published in London about the year 1727, by Mr. Salmon, on the *Modern History, or the Present State of all Nations*, that abounds in curious facts, illustrative of Turkish modes and habits, which still exist in all their original force. The author's account of matrimonial life, and the contingencies and vicissitudes belonging to the vari-

ous relations of the sexes, written one hundred and twenty-seven years ago, is as true to life to-day, as in the year the record was made. This shows that permanency is a characteristic of Turkish institutions. While their religious opinions remain, no changes are likely to follow.

As matrimony assumes anomalous forms among the Mahommedans, compared with our own quiet, rational system, which contemplates the happiness and legal rights of the contracting parties, it is proper to define, in a more particular manner than has yet been expressed in any preceding chapter, the manner of making a husband and wife.

Marriages are regarded favorably and unfavorably by the people. One form of matrimony is ostensibly for life, while the other is only temporary, and upon such conditions as can be mutually agreed upon before a magistrate. The wishes or remonstrances of female slaves are not considered, or respected, in any manner. Being expressly purchased on account of their physical charms, they are at the mercy of their owners, live or die. Children of slaves are slaves also, and descend as property to the heir at law, unless they embrace Moslemism, or the owner gives them freedom before his death. By

that act of generosity, by no means uncommon, the children actually become sharers of their father's property in common with his legitimate offspring, if he has any of that particular denomination.

When a woman dies or is divorced, who is a wife by contract for life, her children heir the property that she brought with her, or is entitled to from her husband. Children by another wife cannot share in the goods or property of the first.

Now, the marriage by contract — the form that most nearly approaches to our system — is, after all, at an immeasurable distance from it, because the woman has neither voice or part in the matter. A proposition is made to a father for his daughter. Sometimes the nearest male relatives negotiate, if the father of the damsel is not living. All the conditions being agreed upon, which invariably becomes a purchase, the bargain is ratified before a kadi. This completes the entire ceremony. All this while, the bridegroom has never had even so much as a glimpse of his intended bride. They have not the slightest knowledge of each other's features, tempers, or other qualities. Every stipulation being completed, he demands his wife, who is delivered over to him, closely veiled.

Among highly-distinguished people, the bride goes to the quarters of her husband with her bridal presents, such as jewels and clothing, in astonishing abundance, being in advance, in open trays, borne on the heads of servants, or displayed on horses, mules, or camels, accompanied by musicians, mountebanks, strolling jugglers, singing and dancing girls, &c. One of the nice points, observed with a strict adherence to an ancient custom, by the bride's-maids, is to tie the strings which hold the lady's dress together, into a multitude of knots, which no one ever had the patience to attempt untying. Consequently, when the impossibility of loosing them is established, the husband cuts the gordian knot, Alexander-like, with expressions of gratified triumph.

Rarely more than one wife is taken in this tedious manner, although his privilege, as a faithful believer, entitles him to three more. The avaricious rich man studies economy, by direct purchase of any number of female attendants for his lady, which circumstances may warrant. The first is the mistress of the house, while all the others are menials, but often bearing children, till their cries, from number, resemble the confusion of Babel.

Formerly, when Christian females were taken captives by the fortune of war, they continued slaves, together with their children, as it was not a common circumstance for them to abandon their religious opinions and embrace a doctrine that deprived them of their natural rights, and left them nothing to hope in heaven for an apostate. This remark more particularly has reference to those who had arrived at years of discretion. Small female children, whose recollections were not very distinct, and whose early religious training may have been imperfect or neglected altogether in their nominally Christian homes, were readily moulded to the habits and customs of their masters, and generally secured privileges that were denied those who adhered to the faith of their fathers.

At present, as in all past periods of Turkish life, the wife by contract carries a high head in her apartments, and rules the females of the household with a despotic sway quite extraordinary, since the milk of human kindness is rarely exhibited towards those of their own sex who by destiny are placed a single step below them. Their exactions or bursts of fury, however, like all other domestic explosions, are confined within their own walls.

Gossipping, however, is a privilege from one harem to another; and through the visitings permitted to European ladies, whose curiosity urges them to study the interior arrangements of Mahommedan families whenever opportunities are afforded, the feuds as well as the fawnings of the imprisoned beauties are whispered abroad.

Daughters of the Sultan are disposed of to his favorites, by the contract system practised among his subjects. Instead of having a proposal made to him, as in the circles of society below the throne, he presents the princess to the man whom he designs to honor. Thus Mahmoud presented a daughter to Hilil Pasha, some years ago, whose ill-fated history has already been related; and, within the last few months, Sultan Mejid has given one of his daughters, says report, to a son of his great vassal, Abbas Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt. As neither of the fathers were ever married by any civil or religious form whatever, their children would be deemed illegitimate in almost any country but their own.

Under all circumstances of disagreement, dislike, or prejudice from any cause, against a wife procured under the only legal method known to society, the

husband may at any moment rid himself of her, by availing himself of the privilege of divorce. By merely declaring that he is dissatisfied, the justification for resorting to extreme measures is complete. He must repay to her all that was received when the lady was espoused. Provisions exist in some parts, which forbid the relieved husband from taking another in the place of the dismissed wife, till the discarded one is taken up by another man.

A woman may demand a divorce on her part, in consequence of the neglect of her lord to provide for her absolute necessities, — such as fuel, materials for clothing : — also for impotency, or if he passes too much of his time with his female slaves, to her neglect.

So few privileges are accorded to women, however, and in their seclusion they know so little of the transactions of the out-door world, they are kept in ignorance of their wrongs. Yet, with all the embarrassments which surround her in Turkey, woman even there exerts a prodigious amount of influence. She is the instrumentality for taming half-savage men, and persuading them to act with reference to the elementary principles of justice and mercy, at least, when they might otherwise take

upon themselves the character of demons. With all their miseries, — for thus they are contemplated, contrasted with the usages, legal and social position of woman in Western Europe and the United States, — the amount of happiness that falls to their lot in Turkey, strikes the traveller as being fully equal to that enjoyed by the sisterhood among more enlightened nations.

No long process before a court is required to get fairly rid of a disagreeable wife. The dissatisfied husband determines in a twinkling when she shall leave, and leave she must forever. It is his own act, in presence of a witness. He is the accuser, judge and jury, — invariably deciding the case in his own favor.

Among the lower classes, — the farmers, laborers and artisans, — they rarely luxuriate in the purchase of handsome, or indeed any female slaves; but the world is open before them for a full constitutional complement of four wives. Thus they readily outdo the wealthiest individuals in their connubial relations. They sometimes pay by personal service, when they have no other means, for the whole four. This is truly Oriental, and precisely following the example of Jacob, who bound himself for two

terms, of seven years each, to attend the herds of his father-in-law, in payment for Rachel and Leah.

Unhappiness and happiness, strange as it may appear, after making the foregoing statements, are about equally balanced, where polygamy is an established institution. It would require a long dissertation, and the presentation of many authenticated facts, to demonstrate this to a mind unacquainted with the peculiar workings of the machinery of society in the Orient. Numerous instances might be cited of patterns of domestic felicity, where one wife basked through a long life in the pure sunshine of her husband's affections. There are individuals who have risen above the ordinary level of public sentiment and religious freedom of the Prophet, to indulge the lowest instincts of humanity; and the tendency of a refined civilization, such as is constantly gaining ground in Turkey, through a spirit of universal toleration, is to root out and ultimately destroy the last remnant of a system that denies to woman her share of liberty among her own kith and kindred.

CHAPTER XX.

Jaunt to the Euxine — Small boats — Sails rarely used — Marine villas — Beautiful landscape — New palace on the Bosphorus, designed for one of the royal daughters — Son of the late Pasha of Egypt — Grave of Joshua — Mountain of the Giant — Views on the Black Sea — Castle — Akaba — Sultania.

WHILE we were on the heights of Bugerloo, a glorious opportunity was had for contemplating the graceful windings of the Bosphorus towards the Black Sea.

On returning to Pera, preparations having been made for a jaunt to the Euxine, boats were hired, and off they shot with the rapidity of a steamer. But the stout, muscular arms of the boatmen soon began to relax, and shortly a slower but good speed carried us against a strong current that sets down into the Mediterranean.

With a commendable exercise of aquatic judgment, the caique was kept near the European shore, which afforded a near and satisfactory inspection of a series of palaces and private dwellings scarcely inferior to the imperial residences. The Turks of Constantinople discover a good, if not a refined taste,

in establishing themselves on the shores of the Bosphorus. They can only look, however, up and down the strait, and to the opposite precipitous hills, rising one beyond another, in terraces.

Stationary boatmen are always in waiting, a short distance above the new palace, to assist boats with a tow-line in passing a severe rapid. The rope is thrown to them, and away they run, dragging the unwilling boat through the ripple, till fairly past the difficult strait, when a few paras satisfy them for their arduous exertions.

Sails are rarely, if ever, used in their small boats. Hard rowing is the mode of progression about Constantinople. Labor-saving machines or apparatus are not encouraged any more than Russia duck. The caiques are admirably modelled, and have the appearance of being made of a single piece of timber, so neatly fitted are the joints and seams. Each oar, close to where the handle is clenched, bulges out into a large oval ball, which balances the blade in lifting it out of the water, making the labor much easier for the rowers.

There is a continuous line of beautifully-located, but rather prison-like houses, on both sides of the Bosphorus, perhaps for ten miles. Some of them

are somewhat shabby in appearance, from age. All of them seem to be spacious, though nothing is known of their arrangements by strangers.

The grounds are not laid out as they might be. Where fruit-trees and flowers would grow in profusion, all is sterile. We scarcely saw a human being the whole distance, which shows how exclusively the residents are confined to their houses. A short canal leads from the water under many of the houses, into which a boat may enter, from whence persons may ascend by steps into a room above. With this arrangement, a front door cannot be of much service, as they rarely swing on their hinges.

All the land at the back of the long chain of marine villas is steep, rising to the height of some hundreds of feet in many places, but having no appearance of ever having been cultivated. An occasional tree, with noble, wide-spreading branches, relieves the monotony that would otherwise be complete. Perched at the very summit of one of the lofty elevations, about seven miles from the city, we saw a charming little pavilion, partly hidden by the foliage of vigorous trees, that were waving over its roof. It is called a kiosk, and is a favorite retreat of the Sultan. Accompanied by one or two

of the royal ladies, he sits there, and, while puffing a nargelah, complacently looks down upon the mighty city of which he is the uncontrolled master.

Still further on, the walls of a new palace, extremely elegant in its proportions, with highly-finished marble columns, will soon be ready for occupancy. No one could give any satisfactory account of the object or probable destiny of the grand structure, which will equal some of the finest private country estates in England.

When a house is completed in Turkey, it simply means the house, and nothing else; since gardens, walks, tastefully-disposed shrubbery and plants, are not common.

We were assured, however, that the Sultan was the owner, and even projector, of the handsome dwelling; and, moreover, that it was intended for one of his royal daughters, whom he intends, if it can be brought about, for a wife of the youngest son of his late rebel subject, Mohammed Ali, of Egypt.

In extreme old age, that bloody hero and regenerator of the valley of the Nile, had a son, born of a very young mother. If he lives, in the course of events, he must, in time, have the government of

his father's dominions, with all their ancient antiquities, resting upon his shoulders.

Should Abbas Pacha — already a troublesome vassal — die, abdicate, or be compelled to leave the country, Seyd Pasha, his brother, admiral of the fleet, who has recently been visiting Europe, is the next heir to the vice-regal throne; and, after him, the young prince, should Abbas have no legal heir.

It has been asserted that the Sultan is anxious to get possession of the little fellow, which would give him at once a strong controlling influence over the affairs of that miserably-governed appendage of the Turkish empire, Egypt. Rumor says that the Sultan first invited Abbas Pasha to permit the prince to visit his court; but the horse-loving ruler apprehended a plot, and, therefore, respectfully declined the honor. Finally, the new rural palace towards the Black Sea, quite beyond all other establishments, either public or private, was tendered to the Egyptian despot, for the use of his little relative, if he would permit him to accompany his mother and suite on a pleasure excursion to the Golden Horn, which was also respectfully declined.

Still further on, we arrived at the base of the Giant's mountain, which required a fatiguing walk

to reach the top. It is by far the most elevated point on the Asiatic side, near the Bosphorus. There are two or three small houses on the most commanding point, with an occasional tree, several fenced patches of land, but nothing like industry or comfort in or about the premises.

A quiet, moping old Turk keeps tobacco, coffee, and perhaps some vegetables and bread, in a rickety, one-story shop, from which a magnificent view is had of the entrance into the Black Sea. On the European continent, some of the masonry by which water is conveyed to the city, and various other objects that give variety to the scene, are conspicuous. Back of the principal house, resembling an ordinary one-story farmer's quarters, in New England, is a small yard, enclosed with a high fence, not for the protection of plants, but an immensely long grave, forty feet in length! By universal consent, it is the burial-place of Joshua, the martial successor of Moses!

From the notes of travellers, the length must have varied in different years, since some of them state it is only twenty feet long. The head and foot stones, perfectly rough, might be readily moved backward or forward by a child; and wherever they are, determines the altitude of the giant.

Some of the orthodox believers assert that the grave simply contains one foot of Joshua. That renowned Jewish hero was never out of Palestine after he entered the land of promise, and the whole legend, therefore, has grown out of Turkish ignorance, — confounding Joshua with Jupiter, whose name the Romans left in that region in connection with some of their defences.

Notwithstanding the often-repeated assertion by tourists, that two dervishes perpetually watch the sacred deposit, it is untrue. The only person seen while we remained on the mountain, was the keeper of the smoking-shop. Possibly, a community of dervishes may formerly have had their abode on the royal eminence, but certainly there are none remaining.

Looking from that charming spot, towards the entrance into the Black Sea, the spectator is struck with the grandeur and boldness of the mountain curves, and the richness and inviting character of the soil. Neglect, not precisely ruin, is stamped upon the whole landscape.

A soft, short grass, like a velvet carpet of living green, seems interminable; and so deep is the water, and inviting for commercial enterprise, we could

not restrain ourselves from expressing a hope that civilization might speedily place its seal upon those admirable localities for towns, and unrivalled facilities for human industrial activity.

Off in the vast distance, a few small vessels were discoverable, bound to Odessa, Trebizond, and other ports of less celebrity; but the resources of the whole region are far beyond estimation, which cannot, in the nature of things, much longer be defended, by guns or treaties, from the grasp of Russia.

One reason why those very inviting places, quite to the last tongue of land before the expanse of the Black Sea commences, are unoccupied, is in consequence of the insecurity of property. Should any one construct conveniences for landing, open a store, or give evidence of ambition in the way of accommodation, by some pretext of the government he would be interrupted, his property taken out of his control, and, perhaps, the business interdicted.

Never were such facilities offered by nature for ship-yards, docks, and, in short, any pursuit calculated to develop the resources of a country, while it contributed to individual advancement. But no one has the courage to attempt running counter to

the genius of the government, which neither aids nor protects the subject in any scheme for personal aggrandizement, independence in wealth, or influence in society, without secretly contemplating a blow that shall crush his power, and turn the avails of his industry into the coffers of a superior.

Of late there has been something of a paternal feeling manifested, and there is certainly a far greater security for the rights of men than under the predecessors of Abdul Mejid. A triumph like that secured recently by the Christians, which places them upon the same level with Mahommedan believers, in regard to the possession of property, and the maintenance of their civil rights, has never been achieved by the Turkish government before, in any period of its history.

After gazing on the beautiful hills and graceful undulations, capable of the highest state of productiveness, but now fallen and totally forsaken, solely from the causes already stated,— the grasping tyranny of those in authority,— the spectator involuntarily expresses a hope that the arts of domestic life, and the institutions and civilization of Christianity, may speedily uproot the present race of Moslem fatalists.

There is a sudden widening of the Bosphorus between the Giant's or Joshua's mountain and the European coast. A continuous series of the finest harbors imaginable might be selected on both coasts, quite to the Black Sea.

Far in the distance, a few villages were discernible, while, in full view, was the *Roumele Hessar*, or castle of Europe, which might be mistaken for two light-houses, were such conveniences established. We never saw a light-house, to my recollection, from Alexandria, in Egypt, to Constantinople. If there are any, they were certainly overlooked for want of lights. On entering the ancient harbor of the Piræus (the port of Athens), in Greece, there are two lanterns, a few rods apart, perhaps twelve feet high, and those were all that are recollected in the whole course of our explorations.

Travellers differ exceedingly in their accounts of the environs of Constantinople. One is enraptured with the picturesque walks along the Bosphorus, and the exceeding loveliness and air of rural contentment that seems to reign over those dirty little villages, scattered here and there through the winding valleys, at the foot of the mountain ridges.

Akhaba, seen in the distance, is spoken of on

account of its chestnuts; while another, called Beghos, is celebrated for something else; and, still further on, the dwellings reduced by distance to the appearance of beehives, stands Sekedere, where there is a medicinal spring, the character of which stands high among the natives. Several chalybeate waters in the interior have been analyzed by our countryman, Dr. Smith, of Charleston, S. C., who was formerly in Turkey for the purpose of introducing the culture of cotton.

Sultania was a favorite temporary abode of some of the old heroic Sultans. The commander-in-chief of the army of Murad III. took all the doors, windows, cushions, and other furniture that he found in the palaces of the cities he took in one of his devastating marches, and had them conveyed to this place.

We did not derive as much gratification from these sights, so poetically described by sentimental tourists, as was anticipated from reading their description of them. The nearer they are approached, the more objectionable they appear.

A country village in Turkey strongly resembles the Arab towns in Asia Minor. Goats, dogs, filth, smoking-loungers, veiled, barefooted women, poul-

try, perhaps a mosque, and a hut for the sale of coffee, are the prominent objects that attract attention. If there are natural beauties in the elevations and depressions of the land, the utter neglect with which they are regarded, and the inefficiency that characterizes the domestic economy of the inhabitants, quite satisfied us that the art of being comfortable is unknown among the common people everywhere.

CHAPTER XXI.

Machinery of embassies — Former haughtiness of the government — An Austrian internuncio — Residence of British minister — Palace of the French ambassador — Kossuth — American consul — No foreigner should represent the republic abroad — Expenses of embassies — Izet Mehemet — Captain of the guard — The Grand Vizier in prison — Bastinadoing a functionary.

NEARLY every first-class power in Europe, and the United States, have resident ministers at the Sublime Porte. Persons residing temporarily in the city, or, in fact, in any part of the Ottoman empire, are considered under the immediate protection of their ambassador, consul, or government agent. They are not obliged to pay the haratch, or poll-tax, imposed on the natives of the country.

Each legation has several persons attached to it, acting as interpreters, servants, &c., who are absolutely necessary, and who enjoy complete protection under the flag they serve, however much the Grand Seignor might wish to bowstring their necks, as born subjects of his majesty.

Some idea may be formed of the once haughty, despotic bearing of the government towards official

messengers from the kings of Europe, by stating the singular fact that they were frequently thrown into prison, their lives threatened, and yet their imperial masters dared not resent the affront. But the overbearing, despotic sway of the crescent has passed away, and Turkey is completely at the mercy of those Christian nations whose prowess was once despised, and whose solemn embassies were treated with sovereign contempt on account of their religion and their supposed inferiority in military strength. Achille de Harley, a French ambassador in 1612, was "grossly insulted," says the record, "and menaced with torture by Achmet I." In 1660 another French minister was arrested at Adrianople, by Sultan Ibrahim, and shut up in the Seven Towers; a horrible prison, which we examined on the outside, while sitting on horseback, with no disposition to inspect the interior, where every apartment is associated with atrocious crimes and blood. Still later, in 1669, Gabriel de Guilexagues was treated as though he were a monster, undeserving the tender mercies of the faithful, for daring to come with a request from the hateful Christians.

Near the burnt column, there used to be a shelter designated the Elchy Khan, where the foreign

ambassadors were kept under the eye of the Grand Vizier.

An Austrian internuncio had the audacity to peep at some Turkish ladies through a back window of his dismal public residence, which so exasperated the Sultan that orders were forthwith given to build up a brick wall to obstruct the view in that direction in future, and his highness, the messenger of the emperor, was thought a lucky fellow to escape so favorably.

An entire change of policy has come over the humbled government of Turkey, and the Christians now obtain nearly every boon they are disposed to ask.

England owns a spacious, costly, ambassadorial palace in Pera, protected against fanatical mobs, and the most potent enemy to be contended with in the capital, namely, fire, by a wall of masonry, about twelve feet high, enclosing an extensive plot of ground. It has been occupied by Sir Stratford Canning many years, the man of all others who best understands negotiating with that court.

The French government have also erected a very beautiful and extensive palace, not far from the British; but the locality is unfortunate — under the

brow of a hill, on the top of which runs a tolerable kind of street, as regards width, giving the enclosure a chance to be stoned, or otherwise assaulted, by the infuriated disciples of the Prophet.

We were gratified with the cultivated taste evinced in the arrangement of flower-beds and shrubbery. There is also a Russian, and, perhaps, an Austrian palace, for the representatives of those monarchies; but the particulars relating to them are not recalled, if seen at all.

No provision has yet been made for the American minister. He resides some miles up the Bosphorus, and comes down to an office in Pera, where business is transacted. The secretary of legation was Mr. Holmes, of Boston, an obliging, attentive man, to those of his countrymen who visited Constantinople. He was formerly connected with the American Board of Foreign Missions, but had left the connection before our arrival. Through him the business was transacted with the government for the liberation of Kossuth, who was a prisoner at Kutaya (five days' journey from Constantinople), at the time of my sojourn. Kutaya is celebrated in antiquity; the castle, a mighty prison for strength, being on the extreme terminus of a hill overlooking the town.

I made some preparations for paying the Hungarian hero a visit, but, fearing that the Austrian ambassador's spies would so mark my movements that it would be impossible to escape police scrutiny on arriving at Trieste, that might lead to being ordered to quit the emperor's dominions, I thought it most prudent to relinquish the enterprise. However, I addressed Governor Kossuth a note, which he informed me, when I met him in Boston, was received by him, too late, however, to answer the object in view by thus addressing him.

Consuls are quartered at Pera wherever they can obtain best locations for their business, which, I am constrained to say, as far as we could discover, consisted in fleecing their unexperienced countrymen. Constantinople, however, instead of having an American-born citizen to sustain the office of consul, was misrepresented, by a man who thought a thousand times more of his own pocket than the curses of American travellers. Under other circumstances, I have fearlessly declared that the American consuls, in many ports of Europe, and certainly in certain ports of Asia and Africa, while I was there, were nuisances, who deserved frowns for their treatment towards those whom it was

their duty to aid by their counsel and advice, besides giving safe-conduct within their jurisdiction.

Not a single French or Austrian steamer will take a passenger from Constantinople for Europe, till his passport has first been signed, if the applicant is from America, by the consul. Then the Austrian or Frenchman signs it, and both take a fee; but the American takes two dollars where the other demands but half of one. From an opinion that all our consuls were in collusion with the local police of towns in Italy, and their brother chips at the points at which they are themselves stationed, to tax as much as possible from every passer-by, we used to thank Heaven in loud acclamations, on arriving at a spot where there was no American consul to nab us under cover of the wings of the eagle.

I should, unquestionably, have entertained rather different sentiments towards those licensed leeches had they been my countrymen; but to be thus treated by an official who has no sympathy for the United States, who, perhaps, never set a foot on our continent, or could read or write the English lan-

guage, makes one deplore that such fellows are commissioned at Washington.

Our ambassadors and *chargés des affaires* must know how unfit the natives of the East are to represent the American republic; but it appears to me, from some unknown reason, that they are afraid to displease them, however obnoxious they may prove. There is not a Christian power on the globe that pays its foreign servants so meanly as ours. Not a single one in Europe has enough to pay his necessary expenses, without leaving him a dollar for hospitality or civility, out of Great Britain and France. They are cramped in their means, and not unfrequently excite both the pity and contempt of travellers, and the commiseration of those on the same official level, because our rich republic is so hard upon its foreign representatives.

England pays all her consuls generously, and pensions most of them after a service of fifteen years, and never commissions any but a British subject.

On the other hand, the United States pay nothing, but virtually give them leave to get two dollars for signing their name, provided they get it out of Americans. In the next place, it appears to be of

no consequence from what country our consuls hail, or whether they ever heard of the government they disgrace. Every traveller in the East knows that it makes the blood boil with indignation to contemplate this prostitution of an important office. Unfortunately, some of our citizens, sent abroad with consular authority, are worse than the other kind. Broken-down politicians are thus paid for their stumping services for a party; and, reckless of all consequences, having nothing to lose, they prey on all who come within the reach of their station. The American minister-resident receives only six thousand dollars per annum at Constantinople, while the British minister's expenses rarely fall below twenty thousand pounds sterling a year, exclusive of the money put at his disposal for secret service. Then there is a consul-general, vice-consuls, and a host of persons connected with the chancery, also paid by the home government, costing twenty-four thousand pounds more, each and every year they are there.

Still further, the English parliament meets another class of heavy expenditures connected with the Turkish mission. Despatches are frequently sent on by an express steamer, at a cost, upon an average, of fifty-five pounds each, for coals alone,

amounting in round numbers, from Marseilles by way of Malta and back again, to full nine hundred pounds more.

If possible, the Russian embassy at Constantinople is still more expensive than the English, being composed of about thirty, acting in all imaginary high capacities, which disburses enormous sums in bribes, besides its legitimate expenditures. As the Czar fully intends to possess himself of the only jewel within his grasp worthy of consideration, it requires a singular combination of diplomatic machinery and naval apparatus in the Black Sea, to be in actual readiness whenever the prize drops into his lap.

Still, it strikes me that Nicholas will never live long enough to realize his ambitious hopes.

Those lean apologies for embassies, represented by a profusion of stars and ribbons, instead of mental vigor, which are sent from the second-rate sovereignties of Europe, are not worth naming. They play the small parts on the stage of nations, like chamber-maids and upper servants in the theatre ; they assist in making a show, without materially influencing the deliberations of either party, or effecting anything for themselves.

When the subjects of foreign governments, residing in Turkey, involve themselves in debt, commit crimes, or stand charged with delinquencies, if not forthwith given over to their ministers, they are demanded to be sent home for trial. A Turkish jail is without a parallel for discomfort, filth, vermin and concentrated human misery.

An interesting story is related of Izet Mehemmet, who was Grand Vizier in 1841, but degraded by dismissal from office, and exiled afterward, that shows there may be sympathy and a strong sense of justice in the heart of a Turk.

Being repeatedly assured that the imprisoned debtors in the prison of Constantinople were harshly treated, and cheated out of the rations appropriated by law, he dressed himself in mean apparel, one evening, and stalked into one of the common smoking coffee-rooms, contiguous to the jail, or *Zaidan Kapoosy*. By proper management, he persuaded a poor fellow with whom he fell into conversation, by giving him suitable backsheish, to accompany his highness to a guard-house, and assert that he was a debtor to his ragged companion.

Calling the Bashy, or captain of the guard, aside,

he pointed out Izet. "Do you see him?" inquired the hired stranger. — "Yes; and an ugly-looking fellow he is, too!" — Suffice it, the Sadrazan — the prime minister of the empire — was arrested, and speedily incarcerated in the vile hole, where the wretched, unfortunate, and all kinds of criminals were huddled together in one common pit of misery, because he refused to pay for a better apartment. A broken pitcher and one mat was all their furniture. When the key-keeper came at evening, the Vizier besought him for something to eat. Bread and soup, he reminded him, were provided by the Sultan, that no one should suffer from the pangs of hunger.

This made the villain only laugh. "We give no food to those who do not pay," was the reply. Finding nothing could be had by appealing to his sense of duty as an officer, acting under authority of the Grand Vizier, he then handed the turnkey sixty paras for the purchase of some bread and water, for which he gave but poor bread and but little water. A long dialogue ensued, in which the official had his daily line of conduct portrayed; but it only provoked a smile of derision, that a low

prisoner should undertake to teach him his responsibilities.

Lastly, as he was going out to close the door, he raised the bull's-hide whip, — always in his hand, — and threatened to give the new comer a sound flogging, if he presumed to say another word! Roused to a pitch of almost insupportable rage, the Vizier drew forth the evidence of his great rank, — the jewelled nishan, — and, in a tremendous effort of lungs, called out for the governor of the prison. Astonishment overcame both the associate prisoners as well as the impudent, selfish key-bearer, who recognized in an instant the awful abyss beneath his feet. He fell upon his face, and cried "Mercy, mercy!" It would be a narration too long for this occasion to detail all the circumstances that followed in quick succession. When the governor, with his turbaned attendants, came in, the Vizier gazed at the group with a keenness of the eye that pierced them to the heart, and ordered them to show him the whole establishment at once.

Having finished the inspection, he directed every one of the turnkeys to receive one hundred strokes of the bastinado, then sent the governor to the bath to be sweated, and afterwards to be dealt with as

he deserved; while the captain of the guard, who arrested him, because he was bribed to do it without evidence of his being a debtor, was cashiered, and placed in confinement, where he had sent many a man wrongfully.

CHAPTER XXII.

Organization of the priesthood — Sheik-ul-islam — When consulted — Clergy not taxed — Obstinate mufti — Fetiva — Ulemais — Descendants of the Prophet — Sudden elevations — Pachas afraid of the public voice abroad — Democratic principle of promotions — Rise of slaves — Exiles from Europe in the army — Corruption of the tribunals — No records of legal proceedings.

FREQUENT reference has been made, throughout the preceding pages, to the religious element, the character and strength of the Mahommedan faith, and the determined activity of the orthodox believers to withstand the encroachments of Christianity. A perpetual warfare against the opinions, the rules of civilization, as they are manifested by their opponents, is the characteristic of a sturdy, bigoted worshipper at the shrine of Mecca. But, with a view to a clear understanding of the manner in which the doctrines taught by the Prophet are promulgated and kept alive, it is necessary to explain the organization of the priesthood, whose functions, influence and perseverance, fully equal the same denomination of men wherever found, — in Europe, Africa, or America. They have one

advantage, however, in popularizing their creed, because it permits the gratification of instincts that are forbidden by divine command. One of the great instrumentalities in propagating Mormonism, which is actually spreading far more rapidly than Mahommedanism when first presented for the consideration of the Asiatics, is polygamy; and it will become mighty, in after ages, even in this intellectual, Christian country, because no legislation can withstand the inclinations of men who prize present indulgence above the rewards of virtue and the hopes of heaven, from a strict observance of the revealed will of God and the commandments, which are alike binding upon the whole human family.

At the head of the religious bodies, and in the relation of grand high priest, — the true and infallible expounder of the Mahommedan doctrine as revealed in the Koran, — is the very learned and elevated subject known as the *Sheik-ul-islam.* He holds the keys of the canonical laws in his own hands, and rules with an iron sway whenever he chooses to exert the power with which the popular voice invests him. Even the Sultan is obliged to consult that mighty functionary. It is his privilege to nominate all the influential, prominent officers of

both church and state, and, when occasion renders it desirable to show himself officially before the assembled multitudes, he takes precedence of the sasradan, or Vizier, the first minister of the divan.

In emergencies, or when exigencies exist that threaten calamities to the state, and, owing to a divided public sentiment, the Sultan stands in fear of his own subjects, *Sheik-ul-islam* alone has the power of controlling the troubled waters, and calming the threatening fury of the dissatisfied people.

He then becomes the handy instrument of the government for carrying out measures which could not be accomplished, either by the sovereign will of the Sultan, or the prowess of a disciplined army. By issuing a proclamation called a *fetwa*,— which simply means a legal opinion that the proposed intention on the part of the government or individual on whose account the declaration was made, is in strict conformity to the Koran, — at once settles disputes between parties, and all further demonstrations of discontent, dissatisfaction, rebellion, or whatever other kind of hostility may be gaining ascendency, melts into tranquillity.

That numerous body called *ulema*, composes the clergy, together with the interpreters of the civil

and ecclesiastical law. They are the learned men of the empire, who are educated together, to a considerable extent. As with us, they separate and enter different professions, on leaving the schools. One studies to become a kadi, another an advocate, and a third a priest. All the priests are answerable to the magistrates, who are the directors of those in their particular jurisdiction. They may dismiss a priest, call into service a new one, for justifiable cause, or mount the pulpit themselves, and expound from the common fountain of law and religion.

No taxation is imposed upon the priests, and their property has far greater security than that of other subjects, being hereditary in families, without the danger of confiscation. Being regarded as a sacred, privileged corporation, favored by Heaven, the penalty of death, formerly, could not be inflicted upon one of them, even when guilty of atrocious crimes. Exile and imprisonment was the extent of the sovereign's right, or the law's power to reach an offending member of the sacerdotal order.

Latterly, instead of being perpetually above reach, and beyond the grasp of outraged law, by being ulemas for life, they are annually appointed to dignified stations. Still, the popular sentiment

invests them with such solemn responsibilities, that they rule pretty much as they choose.

An instance belongs to the history of Turkey where the mufti actually refused to obey the Sultan who raised him to office; and another equally singular freak is recorded in the reign of Mustapha, on the part of the rabble, who put the mufti to death for having given bad counsel to the monarch. Murad IV. directed a mufti, in his day, to be pounded to death in a mortar, by saying that if he could not be killed by a sword, there were no objections to knocking him on the head with a pestle.

In every Mahommedan country, among Arabs and Turks, men are seen in all the gradations of society, from the lowest to the highest, wearing green turbans. I have often met them among the peasantry in Syria, and seen them in Africa. Throughout Turkey, the green-turban wearers are recognized as privileged persons. They are the lineal descendants of Mahommed, by his daughter Fatima. They are addressed as *comra*, and *ameers*, and, when spoken to, the person speaking says *synd*. As a distinct body, of a higher organization, or particularly blessed on account of birth, they are denominated *comra*. Still, I never could satisfactorily

ascertain in what their privileges consisted. They are ignorant or learned, as circumstances may have determined their birth, with or without hereditary property, or official dignities. A proud sense of superiority evidently animates them in whatever place or station they may be found. Some of them have had their blood very ignobly mixed, if the color of their skin is any criterion on that point. In the valley of ancient Sichem, a little to the north of Mount Ebal, I recollect very distinctly of passing one of those men, who was reclining under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, who was remarkable for his manly beauty. His finely-developed beard, black as ebony, restless, sparkling eyes and massive muscularity, were striking points that impressed me forcibly. He had a proud bearing, and doubtless was thinking to himself of the gratification it would have afforded him to cut our throats. Others have been met belonging to the same select kindred, with thin visages, high cheek-bones, sparse, wirey beards, who would pass very well for genuine Tartars, fresh from a banquet on horse-flesh.

Inquiry respecting their particular functions, social advantages over others, talent, tact or immunities, were not satisfactorily explained to me. I am

inclined to suppose that the wearing of a green covering for the head is nothing more than an innocent vanity, which has been permitted from age to age, till the original advantages arising from it, as a direct off-shot of the Prophet, have been lost sight of, or abandoned in the prodigious multiplication of the comra.

A democratic principle obtains in Turkey respecting offices. They are all open for competition. Circumstances are not allowed to interfere with the workings of ambition for posts of honor or emolument. A broader freedom than even permitting the indigent, penniless, or wealthy citizens to strive together, on equal grounds, for any and all places at the disposal of government, is cherished. Slaves may rise above natives, and become leading, guiding politicians, without fear or apprehension. Many a purchased boy has become an eminent military commander. Even refugees from the oppression of the rulers of their own countries, have found a safe asylum in Turkey, and a patronage that never would have been bestowed upon them at home. Exiles from the monarchies of continental Europe are interspersed throughout the armies and navy, and even in the civil service

of Sultan. At this particular juncture, some of the principal military officers are from Hungary, Poland, Germany, Italy and France.

Justice, to a lamentable degree, is an article of merchandise in the provinces. It is one of the anomalies of the government, that if men are instantly advanced to a station of importance, they are frequently hurled as quickly from the pinnacle of glory, without a moment's warning. Death, at the bidding of the Sultan, used to be accompanied by a confiscation of the property of the deposed magnate. It is still done, but more quietly, in the great cities, on account of the comments of European residents, who might communicate any arbitrary acts of that kind to newspapers of Europe. The pashas are ambitious to stand well abroad, and, through a fear of what the world might say, beginning with the consuls and embassies at Constantinople, the bow-string is kept very much out of sight. The right to take life on any pretext, by the governors, is not allowed by Mejid. He is said to dread the necessity which obliges him to order an execution. But the courts of law are notorious for their corruptions.

There are no regular days for holding terms, or

deciding cases. Juries, of course, are unknown. Lawyers abound, who manage suits wholly by writing out statements. The judge hears them read, and decides instanter. If a criminal affair, the sentence is carried out immediately on the spot. Fines are tremendously large, the costs surprisingly high, and, at the end of a suit, both parties, ordinarily, are completely ruined. This results, in a measure, from the expense of bribing the court. When no more money can be raised, the decision of the judge is generally made, and not unfrequently without a semblance of justice. Still, the coffee-house story-tellers excel in exciting recitals of the kadi, who detected villany, protected the innocent, rewarded the deserving, and punished fearfully the sin of ingratitude, as well as all other sins committed within the jurisdiction of the Padisha.

Records of proceedings are not kept, nor do the people know or care about the transactions of any tribunal. When any one happens to be carried before one of them, he praises Allah devoutly on being liberated.

Whatever privileges belong to all men in Turkey also pertain to the priesthood. Thus, they may have from one to four wives, or restrict themselves to

one, by contract, and have as many purchased female slaves to wait upon her, and bear children for strengthening his house, as his pecuniary means and ambition may dictate.

A feeling is beginning to spread among the higher grades of society, particularly those who, by intercourse with foreign strangers, and readings, have some mind of their own, that the priestly connection of the government is disadvantageous. They have discovered that the state and the church never succeed well together. If that sentiment becomes general, it is not improbable that extraordinary revolutions in regard to the influence of the mufti, may yet be accomplished by a nation of Mahommedan fanatics.

It is true that the priesthood is not recognized as a distinct body, as in England, France or Russia, because individuals composing it are inaugurated or deposed by the single act of a village magistrate. Still, they are a mighty, intangible something, the influence of which is felt, yet never seen very prominently beyond the immediate residence of that sublime and most potent lord of the realm, the Sheik-ul-islam. If a change is effected in this particular, its origin will be ascertained by future historians to have been originated by American missionaries.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SAILING THROUGH THE DARDANELLES.

Dardanelles — Tumulus of Hecuba — Xerxes — Singularly shapen fortress — Classical references — Abydon — Where Leander swam the Hellespont — Bridge of boats — Abydos — Fortresses — Site of ancient Sestos — Modern desolation.

THAT frequent widening and narrowing of the water-way between Constantinople and Smyrna, which, at some points, resembles a broad river, and then again expands beyond the limits of vision, embracing a variety of bays, islands and localities of ancient renown, is designated the *Dardanelles*. The name was derived from Dardanum, now a tolerable-sized Turkish town, with more indications of prosperity than usually appertains to them.

It is on the Asiatic side, has quite a number of landing-places, a quarantine office, one long street, wide enough for a carriage, quite a number of provision and grocery shops, a yard for building boats and small vessels, and is, besides, dignified by having both an English and French consul. It is

two hundred and forty miles from Constantinople to Smyrna, through the Dardanelles. Every mile of the distance is associated with historical events of antiquity. Every island has been a theatre of exploits, and the shores are classical ground.

While we were detained at the different calling-places for the despatches of the several consuls, who were making up parcels for their governments to be conveyed by the steamer, the opportunity was ordinarily improved in reconnoitering the region and searching out ruins.

This same spot was once the capital of a kingdom, but no memorial of its glory can be detected, unless a barrow (called the barrow of Hecuba), a mound of earth standing some way back in a field, belongs to the age of its greatness. It was at Dardanum that we saw a negro in the management of a row-boat, who was such a monster of fatness that he was an object of profound astonishment. How the blood could be propelled through those vast winrows of blubber, by a single heart, might with propriety engage the grave consideration of an anatomist.

The mound of Hecuba is the most prominent of the ancient things, which strangers, of course, take

pains to see. By the Turks, the old town of Dardum, or Dardanum, is now known as *Chanak*. Some speculations have been thrown out by topographical scholars in regard to the exact site of Abydos. But the wear and friction of ages upon ages have obliterated every remnant of its being, so that even tradition points no finger towards its locality doubtfully.

Generally, there is somebody on board the steamer sufficiently familiar with the scenery to indicate where the Bridge of Xerxes stood, where Alexander the Great's army crossed over into Asia, and to particularize points of romantic interest of less note. Singular as it may appear, Solyman in 1300 selected the same place for boating the Ottoman forces over into Europe, and there he raised the ensign of the Mussulman power, for the first time, on a new continent, from which it has not yet been dislodged.

Some formidable castles are seen in the course of the Dardanelles, originally the Hellespont, which appear to be powerful enough to prevent any fleet from passing. They are placed on either side, Europe and Asia, for this irregular aquatic roadstead divides the two continents. We saw the place

where Leander swam across to visit his mistress, a feat which Byron also accomplished.

An extraordinary fortress on the route, upon the European side, gains the special attention of travellers, from the circumstance that the outer wall actually describes the figure of a heart on a playing card. Being on a descent towards the water, and built on the European side, the back elevation is sufficient to give a complete view of the rural enclosure. Of course, all the forts are strongly fortified, and the ramparts mounted with heavy pieces of artillery, many of which throw immense stone balls.

In all the classical and historical memoranda of the heroic ages, this narrow strip of water between two continents was known as the Hellespontus,—deriving the name from Helle, the daughter of Athamas, who, with her brother, to keep out of the reach of their step-mother, fled to Thessaly. On arriving at the point under consideration, between the promontory of Sigæum and Chersonese, she accidentally fell into the sea and was drowned.

It seems that Homer was quite familiar with this region, from the circumstance of having pretty accurately described it. The width where Leander and Lord Byron swam across, appears less than a mile

to a spectator, unaccustomed to measuring distances by the eye alone. At that particular spot, Alexander the Great had a bridge of boats, over which his army passed safely, when Greece was invaded. A knowledge of this fact is sufficient to stimulate curiosity at least, in passing by such famed theatres of ancient activity.

Abydos formerly stood at the extreme narrow ribbon of water, on the Asiatic side, where it was founded by Thracians, some of whom resided there at the close of the Trojan war. It was a strongly-walled city, which stood out bravely against Philip, King of Macedon, who finally took possession, by skilful management, with very little fighting. Some remnants of the city may be recognized at Negara-Bornou, it is imagined.

The two castles are picturesque objects. That on the Asiatic side is the *Chanak-Kalessi*, and opposite, on the other shore, the *Kelider-Bahar*. Sestos, about opposite Abydos, which was an important city of Thrace, once considered of the highest value, controlled the commerce of the Black Sea. Every inch of ground, both from the beauty of the scenery and the historical associations connected

with them, gives a striking interest to the whole, in the estimation of a scholar.

After inspecting an immense expanse of territory that, centuries upon centuries ago, swarmed with human beings, it is difficult to feel that stirring events ever occurred in such a quiet place. Even in the hot season, when wild-flowers show their gaudy tints, and travellers inspect the lands with excited curiosity, it cannot be fully realized that civilization ever had a foothold, or that refined men, heroes, poets or authors, could ever have resided in a populous city, where the green sward now gives no indications of having been disturbed by the agency of human hands.

As the mound, already noticed, which tradition says was raised to commemorate the death of Hecuba, the daughter of Dymas, King of Thrace, who was mother of the renowned Priam, King of Troy, is unquestionably a monument of great antiquity, it is rather surprising no efforts have been made to get permission of the Pasha to open it. Unquestionably, some memorials might be brought to light to clear up obscurities in Grecian history. I saw the mound on the plain of Marathon, in 1851, in excellent preservation, which has since been explored,

and the bones of the slain, who fell in defence of their country against an invading army of Persians, under the daring commander Artepharnes. The tumulus raised over Patrochlus, and, near by, the more lofty one marking the burial-place of Achilles, on the broad, neglected plain of Troas, are in fine condition, even now, externally, and no doubt contain objects of uncommon interest to archæologists, which may hereafter be exhibited for public inspection, to corroborate the assertions of chroniclers of the heroic ages.

Unfortunately for antiquarians, travellers are usually too much in haste, and ramble extensively over the surface, without being in a condition to spend money for laborious researches; and, besides, it is not always safe, either in Turkey or Greece, to pursue inquiries under ground or among ruins, without exciting the jealousy, ill-will, and even hostility, of the ignorant inhabitants. A time will come, in the commotion of nations, when there will be both security in the pursuit of the hidden mementos of ancient civilization on the present neglected shores of the Dardanelles, and facilities, also, and a literary energy, in carrying on those examinations most desirable and necessary, to determine mooted questions

in relation to the condition and character of the races that once peopled the country, and established organized governments and institutions whose fame has filled the world.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Smyrna — Birth-place of Homer — Jeind — Acropolis — Bournabat — Vile quarantine — Miseries of the traveller — Expenses attending the detention — Hunting up customers — Ancient Anatolia — Greek landlady — American performer — Playing before the Pasha — Arrest of schoolmasters — Female costume — Persian caravan — Porteus — Missionaries.

WERE it not for being in the track from Syria to Constantinople, the starting point also for the Greek islands and Athens, and the principal port in Turkey with which American merchants hold a direct commercial intercourse, Smyrna would hardly have received the attention, in this notice, which is obviously due to its past renown and present importance.

The plan contemplated in these sketches by no means embraces a modern gazetteer of the Sultan's dominions. If it did, more than one hundred towns, scarcely known to us even by name, would have claims to remembrance on the score of former consideration, before the Turks ever had possession of the beautiful country whose destiny is under their control, till Providence has accomplished, through

instrumentality, the designs that belong to the counsels of the Sovereign Disposer of events.

Formerly, there was a turbulent dispute as to the founder of the city. Whoever first selected it for a town exercised a sound judgment, for Smyrna has all the advantages of a beautiful bay, deep water, a fruitful region, a delightful climate, and whatever else may be necessary for progress in business, wealth and influence. Smyrna is on the Asiatic shore, splendidly protected by graceful elevations, and possesses within itself the elements of incalculable commercial power, whenever the Anglo-Saxons take it under their care.

Old houses, old forts, old ruins, old women, and old gray-bearded Jews, are among its curiosities. The streets are narrow, not remarkably clean, and filled with human beings. All the world is represented in the bazaars, by products from all lands.

Jews abound; some of them are notorious cheats, but they are links in the chain of society not easily dispensed with, notwithstanding the contempt in which they are generally held.

By climbing up a tremendously steep hill, back of the town, a lovely panoramic view is obtained over distant islands, capes and bays. An immense-

ly large enclosure,— the ruined fortress,— no doubt the site of the ancient Acropolis, marks the place where Polycarp, a disciple of the apostles, was martyred.

Looking to the south, the ground on which stood one of the seven churches of Asia, of apostolic antiquity, is designated, off in a partially cultivated field, perhaps a mile and a half from the city. All the most compact and business part, where the population is the densest, the ground is flat, and, in fact, some portions of it cultivated for gardens. Seen from the dilapidated fortress, the enclosures appear even below the common level of the section built upon, and occupied for the purposes of trade.

There is a favorite residence for Europeans doing business in Smyrna, called Bournabat, a pleasant ride, that constitutes one of the crowning rural beauties of the modern port.

Smyrna is one of the reputed birthplaces of Homer. I shall ever retain a vivid recollection of its beauties and discomforts, from the circumstance of being plunged into a vile quarantine hole, to doze away five days of precious life, although in perfect health, and the vessel, an Austrian steamer, which brought us from Beiroot, was without a taint.

A more shamefully unrighteous exaction was never made than taking a heavy fee from every foreigner whom the government obliges to pass from the vessel into the walled yard, to wear away the time. Sick or well, every one is compelled to look out for himself or starve. Neither food, beds nor medicine, are brought in, unless the individual for whom they are designed has the money to pay down.

On receiving pratique,— that is, a pass to go out, either into the city, or to proceed onward to Constantinople,— a fee is to be paid into the coffers of the Sultan. If a person thus incarcerated were to sleep on the bare ground, the rent would be exacted with equal rigor; and if some poor Arab, Jew or Armenian, has nothing to pay with, he is detained till, through the sympathy of his own countrymen, the cash is raised.

We were lodged in the upper story of a large building, without a single article of furniture that was not hired of an Italian hotel-keeper, who also furnished us with two meals a day. He, of course, took advantage of our condition to pocket an honest penny. Cooks, waiters, in short, whoever he employed in any menial capacity to keep from starvation, came in with a demand for service. Even

several bare-legged Turks who were spies upon our movements in the yard, walking about with sticks to keep us from touching those who had been in longer or shorter terms than ourselves, called out lustily for backsheish — for all the compensation they had was what they could raise out of those they were perpetually harassing and annoying by their presence.

Smyrna has also two large hotels, but the one nearest the harbor is most patronized by travellers. Dinner is served much as at the hotels in Germany, and the expense is two dollars a day. After taking quarters, and depositing luggage, it is customary to take a guide, dozens of whom are always sauntering about the doorway, eager for a job.

We took a tall, bushy-headed Jew, whose turban almost rivalled a hay-cock in size, who turned out to be a deceitful, dishonest knave. There are runners in abundance who intercept strangers, strongly recommending certain lodgings as being desirable on account of location and economy, for which they get a handsome percentage.

Abraham told a great lie to secure our patronage, by saying our countryman, a gentleman who had preceded us by about a week, had left special direc-

tions for him to wait upon us. Such politeness led at once to an engagement. However, he was subsequently dismissed in disgrace. The Turks seem to destroy whatever belongs to them. They are so entirely selfish, bigoted and absolute, that they are beyond improvement.

A more magnificent opportunity was never presented for securing a trade that would enrich all Turkey, while the resources of the country might be developed, than by constructing warehouses, widening streets, and abolishing the laws which are at war with the principles of trade.

Smyrna was the focus of wealth, business and knowledge, of ancient Anatolia. It was said to be the *ornament*, the city of *renovation*, having been often destroyed, and as frequently rebuilt. Ten times, on the authority of historians, has Smyrna been rebuilt, and on each occasion was improved by the disaster. Like Alexandria, in Egypt, Alexander the Great has the reputation of having commenced the first foundations.

By some inexplicable hocus-pocus, contrary to our usual foresight, we followed the Jew guide to a hotel, which he represented as altogether superior to all others, but which proved to be a rickety, filthy

old house, variously patched, elongated, and improved by extra steps, doors, and iron bedsteads. As the luggage preceded us, and had been partially stowed away, it was thought best, on the whole, to remain over night, notwithstanding the bad first impression. Next morning, on giving notice that we were to leave, a perfect uproar commenced among those who had an interest in the vile Greek establishment. An old woman, who appeared to be general-in-command, presented exorbitant bills. One gentleman declared that he never would pay them. She, on the other hand, stated the disappointment, the cost of the dinner she had purchased for the day, expecting all to remain, and, lastly, secured herself against all losses by detaining his trunks. We offered to pay for the marketing jointly, and do other acts that would leave no stain upon her reputation. No proposition was of any avail, short of promptly paying up for the period we contemplated remaining on our arrival.

The absurdity of the demand induced the party to delegate one of the number to complain at the police-office, if there was one in the town. No sooner had this intelligence penetrated the skulls of the household, than, through the spokesman, the big

old woman, the current of events was changed, the luggage given up, and the bills settled at once, on tolerably equitable terms. Fear overruled a sense of justice. This affair was no sooner ended than the greasy Israelite came in with a complaint of the damage he should sustain by our leaving. He might have continued his solemn argument in favor of a claim for backsheish, had we not brought the interview abruptly to a close. After various petty difficulties, we were ultimately emancipated from the clutches of the unprincipled Greek rascals. Lodging at that den of thieves was a Mr. Lee and his three small boys, who said he was a native of Boston. He had just arrived from Spain, where he had been performing, the past two years, as a kind of posture-master. He was doing a prosperous business in a large building he had hired, by laying down upon his back and throwing the lads about in the strangest manner imaginable. The exhibition took admirably with the smoking Turks.

Word reached the ears of the governor, a sober, discreet man, the brother-in-law of the Sultan, that the feats of Mr. Lee were extraordinary in character, which so stimulated his curiosity that he sent a message to him while we were remaining in Smyrna, to

perform in his great presence, at the official residence.

Mr. Lee subsequently informed me that he was placed in a large room, without furniture, but well carpeted, with a raised platform, on which sat his highness, with about thirty Turks, his friends, who silently gazed at his gymnastic antics with evident surprise, which was occasionally expressed by giving vent to an unusual volume of smoke, taking breath, and resuming again the quiet happiness of puffing at the narghilah. A latticed kind of gallery was observable at one corner, where there was, probably, a brilliant assemblage, never to be seen by other eyes than the owner's.

It is hardly necessary to repeat, what has been often written, that the females are purchased, and the price is invariably proportioned to the grade of their facial charms.

An anecdote illustrative of the character of the governor was related, that gives an insight into the constitution of the Turkish mind, and the processes through which it is allowable to accomplish the ends of justice.

Some English gentlemen, in the course of their topographical explorations about the dilapidated

castle, on the hill, were assailed by a host of impudent Turkish boys, who stoned them barbarously,— a common feat in that neighborhood,— to show their contempt of infidel dogs. Full of foam and fury at the gross indignity, they hastened at once to the house of the Pasha, got admission to his presence, and stated their sufferings. An immediate search was instituted to detect the culprits, but without success. His highness then gave orders to arrest the teachers of all the public schools, there being several under the patronage of the government, where children are taught to read the Koran. They were all thrown into prison for not having taught their pupils better manners, where they were threatened with a detention till the guilty parties should be arrested. At the expiration of about a week they were liberated, thus vicariously suffering for the faults of others.

Handsome Greek and Italian women abound in Smyrna. They were under no facial restraint, and, consequently, were at full liberty to stare, with their great, black, lustrous eyes, at everybody and everything they choose.

Turkish ladies were often passed in groups, attended usually by female slaves, walking leisurely

along the narrow streets, near the Turkish quarter of the city. Their faces were invariably veiled, but not with the usual covering of white lawn, drawn closely down over the chin from the forehead. They have a thin stuff attached to a wire to keep the veil off from the eyes, which only reaches to the mouth, and is generally black — giving them the appearance of being covered with short masks, when seen at the distance of a few rods. They are all dressed alike as respects the pattern of their garments. Yellow morocco boots, loose about the ankles, stuck into long peaked-toed slippers, down at the heels, were usually worn. They were chatting among themselves, but put on a proper modicum of reserve as we drew near.

Among the standing curiosities of Smyrna are the caravansaries, buildings into which any and all strangers go for lodgings and the security of their property, while sojourning in the city. They are huge constructions, surrounding an open court, entered through a gate. Camels and horses are there unburdened, and their proprietors secure themselves in small, cheerless, dirty, dark rooms, opening towards the yard. Of course, whoever goes there procures his own provisions, mats for sleeping, and

cooks and washes for himself, and on leaving pays a trifle for those privileges.

A caravan arrived while we were in Smyrna, from Persia, bringing rich shawls, carpets, and the greatest variety of goods. Having halted outside the town, near a burial-ground of extensive dimensions, near a bridge called the Caravan-bridge, we walked there one morning to view the sight.

Having travelled with an occasional caravan in the desert of Arabia, and having often met them, likewise, while on the way to Palestine from Egypt, the show of animals and bales was not a novelty to me. The camels were of a better breed than those usually met with among the Arabs. They were very heavy animals, with an abundance of long hair on the shoulders and haunches, of the color and appearance of a buffalo-skin. They still had their high, clumsy saddles on,— which, by the way, are never taken off by camel-drivers, night or day; no matter what may be the condition of their galled backs, no mercy is shown the patient beast.

No article brought from Persia could be purchased in the bazaars cheaper than they could be bought in the city of Boston. I was struck with the same fact at Damascus, where they were quite as dear as at

Smyrna; nor were they more expensive after being transported over the tedious waste of sand to the towns and villages of the Mediterranean.

Porters are constantly seen running along the streets with such enormous burdens on their backs as to make our strongest men seem weak and feeble. I passed a small-sized man actually conveying a barrel of rum on his back, marked on the head *New England.*

Smyrna is a celebrated fig-market. Grown in profusion in all parts of the interior, they are brought in as they ripen, on camels, and delivered at the packing-houses. An acquaintance with the process of putting them into drums is sufficient to deter most persons from eating them ever afterwards. Unwashed hands, and the layers of dirt on the floor, where the whole mystery of packing is conducted for shipping, the millions of worms crawling about in some of the old establishments, together with the uncouth and unsavory looks of those who conduct the manipulations, are disgusting beyond expression.

One or two learned American missionaries reside in Smyrna, who seem to have the confidence of the inhabitants, and who are translating, writing, teach-

ing, and introducing the excellences of Christianity, civilization, literature and science, with a degree of success that will be felt in the nation and country in future generations. Their course is governed by prudence, and, therefore, encouraging to the friends of the Bible and humanity.

It would be quite impossible to detail all the incidents that occurred, or strange events witnessed, while traversing town and country in Turkey, without becoming tediously voluminous; and here, therefore, is a proper place to bring to a close these prelections on the Turks and Turkey, as they were seen while sojourning in their diversified country.

The present race differ essentially from their progenitors, the conquerors of Turkey. A history of this extraordinary race of men may be condensed in a single paragraph. They originally came from the river Oxus, beyond the Caspian Sea. They were a tribe of rude, turbulent shepherds, who became converts to Mahommedanism, and at once felt themselves called upon to go forth to propagate their new faith. Possessing all the natural elements that make a warlike people, fine constitutions, combined with great energy and fanaticism, they at once became conquerors. Mohammed II., whose title

appears to have been *Fateh* or the *Opener*, on account of opening a way into the great Christian city of Constantinople, wrote an epitaph for himself, in which he catalogued all the rulers he had overcome, and countries he had subdued.

Before closing with Smyrna, contrast its aspect at this time with some of its past phases, in the dawn of Asiatic splendor. City as it is, it had a far superior magnitude and political influence four hundred years prior to the birth of Alexander the Great. Its name was derived from the supposed founder, an Amazon. Strabo, Pausanius, Herodotus and Pliny, have each given glowing accounts of the ancient splendor of Smyrna, and the sufferings through which it had passed, even before their day.

Among other distinctions, its claim to being the birthplace of Homer is generally admitted. An immense square structure, called the Homerion, commemorative of the honor, once stood in the city, — on the apex of which was his statue. There is a celebrated cave, of small dimensions, near Smyrna, where tradition says he composed.

In Roman epochs of power, the city had schools of philosophy and eloquence. The martyrdom of Polycarp, the first bishop, a disciple of an apostle,

one hundred and sixty-six years after the crucifixion, was an event never to be forgotten by the early Christians, or lost to history. I visited the spot where tradition points to the scene of his death.

When the Greeks had possession of Smyrna, in the eleventh century, it passed through severe trials. In 1083 the Turks became its master,— who call it *Ismir*, and by no other cognomen, notwithstanding the universal appellation of Smyrna, by which the city is designated throughout the commercial world.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANCIENT AND MODERN CYPRUS.

Formerly called Macaris — Its mineral resources — Paphas — Dimensions of the island — Madder — Opium — Fine timber — Morocco leather — Former kingdoms — Massacre of the Greeks — Known in the Old Testament as Chittim — Strife for its possession — Ores found — St. Paul's visit and departure.

FROM the remotest antiquity the island of Cyprus has been familiarly known to the people of the East. It is nearer the eastern coast of the Mediterranean than any of the group which are scattered through the north-eastern border of that sea, and easily approachable from Asia Minor, without the hazard of difficult navigation.

One of the earliest names by which it was designated was *Macaris*, in allusion to its fertility, the term signifying Fortunate. It abounded in copper mines, *Kes Cyprium*, from which circumstance (although it is doubtful) the common name, Cyprus, is said to be derived. Neglect, a constant change of government, insecurity of property, oppressive governors, poverty and Mahommedan fanaticism,

have reduced the splendid garden of Venus to the extreme depths of degradation.

Zinc, also, was mined in abundance, but the localities where the copper and other valuable ores were raised, are now quite unknown. Iron, gems, a species of rock-crystal, called by the ancients the Paphian diamond, marble of various shades, besides various salts, of importance in the arts, and a sure source of revenue and employment to a dense population, are no longer sought, or, perhaps, recognized, when cropping out above the surface. During the age of Paganism, Cyprus was supposed to be the favorite abode of Venus, the goddess of love, to whom it was dedicated. Her worship imbued the whole territory, and her shrines were numerous in every village and town. At Paphos, the modern Buffa, where Venus was reputed to have first appeared, there was a magnificent temple, in which a hundred altars smoked with the offerings of slaughtered animals. The concourse of strangers from all parts of the known world, to witness the strange system of worship, which permitted the most unbridled excesses, was immense, and the fame of Cyprus was as extensive as the glory of Greek and Roman conquests. At present, the once attractive

city has dwindled down to a wretched village, made up of a few Greeks and Turks, who are ignorant, fierce, and fit associates for the desolation that reigns about them.

In circumference Cyprus is about five hundred and fifty miles, being one hundred and twenty long, due east and west, by ninety in width, where it is the widest. The ranges of elevated, ragged mountains, are disagreeable at a distance, having a dingy appearance, but assume a pleasanter aspect as they are neared. Trees grow on their sides, quite near to the peaks of the protruding rocks; vines and shrubs, also, of every conceivable kind, everywhere force themselves through the surface. The moral deterioration is accompanied by physical debility of man, or a determination not to live by the sweat of the brow.

Wine was once made in vast quantities for exportation. Olives were grown in profusion, a crop that was as highly estimated in former times as by Syrian cultivators of the present day. Both are quite neglected, and solely because the oppressive nature of the government strikes at the foundation of all forms of industry that might better the condition of the people, if allowed to accumulate property.

Madder, for dyeing; henna, universally used, throughout the East, for staining the palms of the hands and finger-nails, is a product of Cyprus.

The poppies yield opium of an excellent quality; and soda is found upon the ground. Some wool is grown, but not a tithe of what might annually be produced. Lemons, oranges, figs, plums, pomegranates, and fruits of unrecollected varieties, together with vegetables of the first quality, could be raised, with the slightest solicitation of mother earth, for an exceedingly profitable exportation.

But no encouragement is given to agricultural efforts, and whatever, therefore, happens to spring up for man's use, more than is absolutely necessary to feed the poor, miserable, ignorant semi-barbarians that constitute the bulk of the population, is bartered for the commodities of other countries, and thus an irregular intercourse is kept up with this once flourishing, rich, independent, but now prostrated island.

From the thrifty growth of the forests, and the quality of the timber for houses, boat and ship building, and the cheapness of it too, an unsuspected avenue to wealth might be opened by the introduction of few steam saw-mills. Were per-

mission obtained from the Turkish government to export it, an immensely profitable business would follow.

Alexandria alone, one of the nearest ports, the door of Egypt, where wood has always been scarce, as well as dear, would prove a perpetual market. This suggestion, I trust, may influence some bold spirit to embrace this and some other opportunities of equal value in that direction, for advancing his own fortune, while the operation would also conduce to the prosperity, comfort, employment and civilization, of the Cypriots.

Morocco leather, admirable in finish, as it is good in quality, is manufactured by rude processes, in considerable quantities. A trade in hides, tanned leather, blocks of marble, etc., is worthy of the consideration of those who buy, sell, and get gain. The utter neglect of Cyprus by merchants, especially those of the United States, renders it the more certain that cheap cottons, hardware, with a little money, could be exchanged for their commodities to advantage.

Silk, too, were the feeding of worms encouraged, would equal the quality and quantity of the fairest mulberry districts of Syria. As it is under every

imaginary embarrassment, in connection with the *vis inertia* of the people, who cannot be robbed of the pleasure of smoking, though they are deprived of almost everything else, the specimens offered for barter, in texture, color, and excellence of workmanship, demonstrate the resources of Cyprus under all its disadvantages.

On the island of Cyprus there were once nine distinct kingdoms, — Egyptians, Phœnicians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Arabs, and each had a section and a government of their own. When the Crusaders were at the zenith of their power in Palestine, they got a strong foothold on Cyprus. Richard I., King of England, even made a present of it, in effect, for he gave the crown to the house of Lusignan. The Venetians took a turn at it, and, while under their jurisdiction, churches, convents, castles and fortresses without number, sprung up in almost inaccessible places, where it was thought a military force of small capacity could effectually resist a besieging army; but the terrible Turks made a descent, when least expected, under the victorious Selim, in 1570, who drove out his Christian enemies, planted the crescent on the cross, where it still floats triumphantly, and, from the

moment the Sultan's bloody forces landed, to the hour this has been written, a gradual deterioration has been going on, till its poverty and sparse population, contrasted with its known capacity and unlimited resources, have become a byword and reproach.

No longer ago than 1822, a horrible massacre of twenty-five thousand Greeks, and the atrocious acts of a ferocious army, which destroyed seventy-four villages, monasteries, churches, chapels, and closed their unparalleled barbarities, by throwing a multitude of women and children into the raging sea, where they perished, is fresh in the recollection of those who are acquainted with the phases of the revolution of modern Greece, and finished the last great act in the modern history of the island of Cyprus.

At a remote period, — the earliest ages of maritime adventure and commerce, — Cyprus appears to have been a point to which seamen directed their rude vessels, sure of finding commodious harbors, and the choicest productions of a rich soil to freight home on a return voyage. No timber of antiquity equalled the growth of the forest trees of Cyprus for naval structures. Out of their own abundant

resources the inhabitants could build both their vessels and lade them for distant traffic. Constant reference is made to this beautiful island, under the name of Chittim, in the Old Testament. In Deuteronomy, Chronicles, Nehemiah and the prophet Jeremiah, frequent expressions are noticeable respecting Cyprus.

The Kings of Egypt used to look with longing upon a little spot that contained so many elements of comfort, luxury and independence. Lead, zinc, iron, asbestos and copper, were all found in the mountains. Even small quantities of silver were frequently detected, and, besides all those, precious gems. No wonder there was a strife for the possession of Kebris, the modern name, among kings and adventurers.

We learn from Herodotus that, in his day, the inhabitants were a mixture of Grecians, from Athens, Arcadians, Phœnicians, and Æthiopians.

When Alexander the Great died, Ptolemy, the heir of Lagas, took the island in charge, as his own inheritance. Cato broke the spirit of resistance in the people, and established the Roman jurisdiction. Augustus, the Roman emperor, made Cyprus an imperial domain; but, when the empire was di-

vided into two, it fell to Byzantium, now Constantinople. St. Paul made it a visit in company with Barnabas, which was their first missionary tour. It was from the south side of the island that the energetic apostle of the Gentiles set sail for Rome, where he diffused, broadcast, unmolested, the truths of Christianity.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ISLAND OF RHODES.

Earthquakes — Harbor — Few remains of antiquity — Ancient splendor — Colossus — Sold to a Jew — Mount Artemera — Queen Artemeir — Became a Roman province — Knights of St. John — Subdued by Solyman the Turk — Present poverty — Former activity in shipbuilding — Misery and demoralization of the island.

We arrived at the celebrated island of Rhodes in the midst of a succession of terrific earthquakes, which had sadly shattered some of the fairest monuments that were reared by the knights during their military occupancy of this famous old theatre of the heroic ages. A boat put off, after sunrise, to where the vessel was swaying at the end of her chain, in which was the British consul. This was on the 21st of March, 1851. He gave us a gloomy picture of the condition of the town spread out before us.

Two or three days before, the shocks were so severe as to frighten the people out of their houses, and beyond them, lest in falling they should be crushed to death. The famous palace of the Grand Master was severely injured, which was much de-

plored, because it was sure never to be repaired. A fine arched gateway, close to the small harbor, was singularly distorted, and left with the appearance of being just ready to fall. One of the two huge brick towers, erected by the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, known as that of St. John, was cracked from the top to the bottom, and left in a condition altogether too dangerous even to trust the stairs with the weight of a man. It was feared, to prevent the mass from falling into the deep water of the large harbor, the whole would have to be taken down, after having bid defiance to the elements, and all previous shocks, for between four and five hundred years.

The mountains easterly, nine miles distant, were violently shaken. One elevation, where there was a small Turkish village, actually opened at the apex, into which every vestige of their habitations, and the people themselves, were ingulfed, and the cleft sides again came together, and concealed them forever. Food had become scarce, meats could not be procured, and for four days, the consul remarked, he had lived on four fowls, fortunately secured before the scarcity became alarming.

There are two harbors in front of the modern

town of Rhodes,— which is walled,— the work of the knights. To the traveller, the small one, however, possesses by far the largest share of interest, from the circumstance of being the identical one at the entrance of which stood the far-famed Colossus — a bronze lighthouse, of the figure of a man, between the legs of which vessels passed on to the landings. Dignified as the narrow strip of water is, by running into the land, curved considerably, with the name of harbor, it is an insignificant resting-place for vessels; and, in its best days, could only have accommodated the monster row-boats of the ancients. I noticed a few small sailing-vessels moored within, which might have been secured, as doubtless the Rhodian fleets were, by a chain across the mouth of the harbor, the width being scarcely two hundred feet. When the walls and foundation-stones were in condition to receive the feet of the Colossus, probably the width had been contracted to less than fifty. Modern Rhodes is but a faint shadow of the imperial Rhodes of a remote antiquity, when the arts were encouraged, commerce enriched the people, and liberalized their sentiments by intercourse, through the agency of an extensive marine, with other nations. Just laws were established, the state

was strong in resources, and the power, the glory, and the institutions of this same degraded, humbled, poverty-stricken Rhodes, were celebrated to the remotest boundaries of the old world.

Although, in the plain but truthful language of the Bible, "the land abideth forever," the revolutions upon its surface are among the most striking phenomena in the habitable sections of the world. Every country has its infancy, its meridian of strength and beauty, and the waning decrepitude of old age. Such has been the fate of the empires that have passed away. Rhodes was slowly developed, attained the highest renown, and then slowly declined. All this was brought about by the agency of man, and not through the unwillingness of nature to give seed-time and harvest.

In the year 58, St. Paul visited Rhodes on his voyage to Rome, which appears, from the annals of that period, to have then been a mart of extensive commercial relations; but nothing remains of that, or even a far later date, illustrative of the magnificence of the public edifices, palaces, colonnades, baths, theatres and hippodromes, that once characterized the wealth, taste and magnificence, of Rhodian advances in civilization.

A dissertation on the earliest condition of Rhodes, far back into the ages of mythological mysteries, is not contemplated. Before the Trojan war, however, a son of Hercules slew somebody, and, for personal safety, fled from Argos to this island, and commenced the settlement of a colony. He became the king, at last, ruling with a firm hand, and justly. After the Trojan war, the Darian language was introduced. When Homer lived, there were three great cities on the island, namely, Lindus, Camisus and Tolysus, the sites of which are designated by villages, mean, filthy, and wretchedly degraded. Rhodes, a fourth city, gradually increased, till it eclipsed the others. It was laid out skilfully by the architect Hippodamus, who constructed the Piræus, the once unrivalled harbor of Athens. One evidence of the enormous wealth to which the government attained, when the new city became the capital of the whole island, is the circumstance that its statues equalled in number the population.

Incredible accounts of the splendor of Rhodes are the theme of the ancient writers. Among other relations, it is stated there were one hundred gigantic statues set up in various sections of the city. One, however, of universal celebrity, far exceeding

any similar work of art in any other country, called the Colossus, was of cast brass, and dedicated to Apollo.

As before remarked, not a stone or remnant of a structure, of that day of Rhodian glory, can be found. No inscription aids the traveller to localities, either sacred or profane. A circumstantial description of the Colossus, before its destruction was completed, is as follows.

According to the most reliable accounts that have come down to us, the figure was somewhere between one hundred and five and one hundred and fifty feet in height. Pliny relates that the artist was one Chares. It remained astride the entrance into the little cove of the harbor, standing on two huge rocks, or stone platforms, just fifty-six years, when it was overturned by one of those earthquakes, distinguished for their suddenness and destructive violence, that still occasionally manifest their frightful energy. The region, for a circuit of more than sixty miles, appears to have been the focus of intense volcanic activity.

Some idea of the stupendous magnitude and proportions of the Colossus of Rhodes may be formed from the statement of the Roman naturalist, namely, that few men could clasp round the thumb — while

each finger was larger than the size of common statues. Being hollow, various parts of it were filled with immense quantities of stone, to keep it firmly in place. Twelve years were required, from the beginning, to the completion of this unsurpassed monument of ancient artistical skill. Latterly, a shade of doubt has been cast on the narrative, so far as standing astride the entrance to the harbor is concerned. When it fell, the prostrate brazen monster was on the dry ground. Had it stood as represented, in falling, the channel must have received the mighty figure. Reasoning in this manner, an opinion prevails among travellers that the Colossus must have been erected on one side only, and could not have had a foot on both.

A fact of some consequence to be remembered, in connection with this curious affair, is this, viz., that the statue remained in plain every-day sight, to all eyes, for the long term of nine hundred years. In the year 672, a Saracen caliph, Mavirea, who had the control of Rhodes, sold it to a Jew. After being broken up, there were nine hundred camel-loads of the fragments.

Great as have been the transactions on the territory of Rhodes, it is but a small theatre for the many and extraordinary exhibitions of human

prowess that have been displayed upon it. In length it is thirty-six miles, by only eighteen in width, having a circumference of one hundred and forty. Of an irregular triangular shape, with a serrated coast, affording several pleasant secure retreats for vessels, the interior is elevated and centre mountainous. One peak, higher than the rest, is known as Mount Artemeria. A more fertile soil has rarely fallen to the lot of cultivators. Rich valleys, splendid growths of wood of many varieties, and babbling streams to fertilize the land, with a profusion of the choicest fruits, that refuse to die out, even under the vile rule of the oppressive Turkish administration, show the striking resources of Rhodes.

Any, and indeed all the elevations, a short distance from the beaches, are so many observatories, permitting the eye to range through a field of vision of unusual extent and beauty.

But, with natural advantages scarcely equalled by the most favored spot in any country, Rhodes has been languishing under the severe rule of despotism, till nothing remains attractive to the stranger, or encouraging to the wretched creatures by whom it is inhabited.

In the age of Xerxes, the imperial government was destroyed, and a democracy took its place. While the republic endured, Rhodes became a strong power, whose independence was even acknowledged by Spain, where colonies were sent by the government. During a profound peace, when society and trade were advancing with a degree of majesty that called forth the admiration of surrounding people, a woman, Artemeria, a bold queen of Caria, pounced upon the island as a tiger stealthily leaps from a jungle upon its prey, and seized the prize before the danger was apprehended. Demosthenes advocated the cause of the conquered Rhodians, at Athens, and by his masterly oratorical influence, they were subsequently restored to their civil rights and liberty.

Next, Alexander struck terror into the petit republic, and again the people took a heavy yoke upon their shoulders. By adroit political management, some concessions were made by that resistless destroyer of nations. When death conquered him who never before yielded to any earthly master, the republic was again reörganized with better prospects, and a well-grounded expectation of stability, notwithstanding a siege of a

whole year, against a force of thirty-five thousand soldiers.

After various struggles, internal treasons, and assaults of tyrants without, at last came the Roman Emperor Vespasian, who humbled and crushed poor Rhodes into the dust. Thus it became a Roman province. When the empire was cut in twain, into Eastern and Western, it fell to the Eastern rulers. Next the Saracens took possession; the Genoese and Eastern emperors alternately called the island their own. All this while, an ambitious, unflinching series of governors had conducted the administration of the revenues, and fortified the assailable points so long and thoroughly, that one of them openly defied the throne at Constantinople, and made himself king. At the commencement of 1306, Emanuel made a present of Rhodes to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who succeeded in expelling the indigenous monarch, but not till the metropolis had resisted for four years, before surrendering to the brave knights, in August, 1510.

Nothing could have more desperately incensed the Turks, the sworn enemies of the knights, than to have them for neighbors. An immediate demonstration of hostilities ensued, sometimes in favor of one, and sometimes the other. But in

1522, Solyman II. brought Rhodes under the crescent, where it has since remained, a poor, run-down, exhausted, debased Mahommedan settlement, proud of its ignorance. Intolerance is mistaken by the inhabitants for piety, and, to show how intensely they detest Christians, they would be willing to suffer, rather than to be benefited by them.

Thus, in a condensed view, the eventful history of this memorable island has been given. Transactions of a momentous character have often agitated the multitudes of human beings who resided upon its exhaustless soil. Enlightened senates watched over the public safety, while they encouraged literature, the fine arts, and the elegances of a refined civilization.

While in the tide of prosperity and political independence, the population must have exceeded a million and a half, if not two. This is an inference drawn from national resources; the activity of their fleets, commercial enterprises, influx of wealth, and well-directed powers of resistance to an invading foe.

With all these evidences of renown, the sun of its glory set in blood, centuries ago. Under the surveillance of Turkey, it has been sinking lower and lower in the scale of humiliation.

Literally, Rhodes is the emblem of poverty and perverse national policy, hostile alike to trade and to happiness. At farthest, it was the opinion of the British consul that the entire population of the island does not exceed forty thousand, distributed through forty or fifty villages and hamlets. They are the least enlightened of the Sultan's hot-headed subjects. To such a degree do the inhabitants of the city, walled by the knights, and therefore the only secure place against the incursions of robbers and thieves, carry their antipathies against both Jews and Christians, that not a single individual of either denomination is permitted to remain within the gates over night. Even the consular agents are obliged to conform to this arbitrary measure.

A little to the north of the great towers of the knights, and on the northerly side of the small harbor, there is a cluster of tenements where the Europeans are principally congregated for traffic and residence, on one of which the British flag was flying at the extremity of a staff, while we were there.

For many years the Greeks carried on a lucrative business in shipbuilding close to the city. Workmen came from remote islands for employment, and

the crafts launched annually gave a degree of activity that was on the increase, till within a recent period, when the whole was abruptly abandoned, in consequence of a decision of the Divan, that no vessel should in future be built that did not carry the Turkish flag, and was exclusively navigated by subjects of the Sultan.

Of course the Greek mechanics would not comply with any such law. Their own country was emancipated from the bondage in which it had been held through generations of servitude, and not a man of them would remain. A change of policy, allowing the fine timber to be manufactured on the spot, would instantly infuse a new spirit into that benighted region; but no relaxation is likely to follow, till Turkey herself shall fall.

With capabilities and agricultural resources of the island for sustaining a million with grain, the products are at present scarcely equal to the demands of the present sparse population, which have the appearance of being physically as well as morally famished.

Industry has no encouragement; poverty, as in Asia Minor, is the only security against oppression from the local authorities, and, consequently, de-

pressed, degraded and demoralized, with no prospective hopes for the future, misery broods over the fairest island in the bosom of the Mediterranean.

Turkey sets at defiance the ordinary maxims of other governments, based on the experience of Christian nations. Starting with the proposition that she is not only right, but infallible, no progress can be tolerated without violating the first lessons of the Koran, which teaches obedience to the injunctions of their Prophet, let the consequences be what they may, in the great conflict of life.

With a determination, on the part of the government, to increase the commercial enterprise of those ports favorably located for maritime adventure, some years since, it was decreed that every vessel built in the Turkish dominions should carry the crescent, and not be sold abroad. As vessels were generally built by Grecian mechanics, they had no disposition to comply with the order, after the revolution, which gave them national aspirations of their own. They, therefore, at once abandoned the business at Rhodes, entirely. It had been the custom, for a long while, for shipbuilders to go from various parts of Greece to Rhodes for the purpose of constructing their vessels, on account of the qual-

ity, cheapness and durability, of the timber. But they had no idea of binding themselves in an obligation to sell to none but a Turk, or never sail a ship of their own, made in a Turkish port, with any other flag than the Sanjack of the Sultan. A source of income to the islanders, and a fine opening for the disposal of their products, was thus lost by an absurd line of policy. The sound of the hammer is no longer heard in the harbors of Rhodes, to break in upon the melancholy monotony that reigns triumphantly, since shipbuilding was ruined.

No native shipbuilder, of whom the number is extremely limited among the Turks, or any other subject, can construct a vessel without permission of the Sultan. When the intention of laying down a keel is entertained, a petition must be sent to Constantinople for permission to do it. Sometimes six months elapses before a firman is granted, giving the applicant liberty, and when it arrives, he may be dead, or established in another section of the country.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The war with Russia — Intrigues of European courts — Constantinople coveted — Turkey doomed — Religious element — Seeds of civilization and Christianity sown — Toleration will be her downfall — Eastern question — Greek church — Eastern and Western church — Druses — Armenians — Greek Catholics — Jacobites — Protestants — Concluding reflections.

A WAR between Russia and Turkey is at this moment assuming a formidable aspect, and drawing within its vortex several European powers. While each would unquestionably rejoice in the utter extinction of Mahommedanism, jealousy among themselves respecting the division of the spoil, or dreading to have a modern empire rise out of the ruins of an old one, it has been the drift of the various Christian courts, for the last fifty years, to so manage their political cards as to sustain the waning strength of the Sultan, rather than have a rival get possession of the rich prize, which is coveted by all of them.

Thus Christendom actually intrigues with those who despise them, rather than permit one of their own faith to take possession of the property. With

all this propping, however, in the way of diplomacy, together with the assistance of foreign arms and auxiliary naval forces, Turkey is destined to fall, but not without a mighty death-struggle in Europe, before Constantinople falls to an invading enemy, and the last Turk is driven across the Bosphorus into Asia, where the race belongs.

That Turkey is doomed, needs no prophetic warnings to establish. Yet her resources are vastly superior to what is generally supposed, and the paroxysmal throes of the monster Islamism, before its national vitality is extinguished, will create surprise, where the impression has been strongest that feebleness, or extreme debility, would allow of no demonstration at resistance.

When all other sinews of war shall fail, Turkey will still have an anchor of hope in the tenacity with which the people will assuredly cling to their religious privileges. They will fight for their faith while a drop of blood remains in their veins. But Turkey will be overcome by the introduction of new opinions, through the spirit of toleration that has characterized the government for the last five-and-twenty years.

Seeds of civil liberty, elementary Christianity, schemes of education and advances in civilization

of a higher order than their institutions have heretofore contemplated, are the strong instrumentalities which are destined to subvert the empire of Turkey, whenever it falls. A fiercely conducted war may indeed drive the Moslem from Constantinople; but he will stand up in his dignity in Asia Minor, in spite of Russia or Europe combined. On that ground, however, the fabric will be shaken terrifically, and then fall through the agency of those who have been permitted gradually to enlighten the darkened minds of heterogeneous material, which compose the dominions of the Sultan. The cross will assuredly triumph, in the end, over the crescent; and the doctrines of the Prophet ultimately constitute a chapter in future historical records, of what has been a phenomenon.

In concluding these pages, a better idea of the religious fabric, the stability of which is threatened, in Turkey, by the war, could not be gathered from any source, than is embraced in the following dissertation by the talented editor of the *Boston Daily Courier*, from which it has been extracted, on account of the clear, able and intelligent manner of discussing a subject that is very imperfectly understood in the United States:

"As the Eastern question is allowed to be, on one side, at least, a religious one, and as it is esteemed on all hands utterly impossible to bring it to a solution in any shape that will not materially alter the relations of Christianity to Mahommedanism in the countries upon the Mediterranean, it will be proper to say a word or two in explanation of the religious elements that are involved in the dispute. Without a knowledge of the connection that exists between the Russian and Greek church, and of the general condition of the Christian communities in Turkish dominions, we shall hardly be able to arrive at any satisfactory adjustment of the claims and pretensions of the several parties that now occupy the field of controversy. The Russians esteem this war a holy war; let us inquire for what they are fighting, and what sort of a case they make out for themselves in assailing the Ottoman.

"Russia received the Christian religion from the Greeks of Constantinople. The true origin of the Eastern question may therefore be referred to the tenth century, at which period the Greeks first obtained any precise knowledge of the monarchy of Kiev, which was then the great Muscovite dominion. Russia, in consequence, grew up in the Greek

form of Christianity, which she has preserved to this day. When the Russians became converted to the Christian faith, Christendom was not in that divided state which marks its existence at the present time. The spiritual authority which reigned at Constantinople prevailed over the whole Christian world, producing thus an identity of doctrine and form of worship in Europe, Asia and Africa, which was disturbed only by occasional controversies. The orthodoxy of Constantinople was the orthodoxy of Rome, Alexandria, Antioch and Moscow. The separation of the Western or Latin church from the Greek church, at a subsequent period, was brought about by a combination of causes, which, operating through a long series of years, finally arrayed the East against the West, and established the Papal dominion of Rome.

"As long as the Eastern empire retained sufficient strength and authority to make itself respected, and the occupant of the throne of Constantinople continued to exercise his influence in the appointment of the Bishop of Rome, the Patriarch of Constantinople was the acknowledged head of the Christian church, both in the East and in the West. But the Byzantine power, after a while,

began to decline. Its princes were almost uniformly weak and spiritless men, who degraded the dignity of their throne; and the natural consequence was, the preëminence in the church passed gradually into the hands of the Roman bishop, who was supported by the growing energy and power of the Western kingdoms. Ecclesiastical disputes also contributed to weaken the authority of the Eastern pontiff. The Arian, Macedonian and Eutychian controversies agitated the empire through a long succession of years. To these succeeded the Iconoclastic commotions of the ninth century, and the quarrel between the Latins and the Greeks, on the question whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father alone, or from the Father and the Son. From the eighth to the eleventh century these questions were furiously debated, till they resulted in an open and irreconcilable discord, and the Greek and Latin churches became separated both in government and doctrine. Thus the great schism between the Eastern and Western churches became firmly established.

"Russia, of course, continued her connection with the Greek church. The religion of Russia is therefore the same with that of the Greeks of

Europe and Asia Minor. Since the commencement of the present political struggle, much has been written, by English writers, in the endeavor to show that there are essential points of difference between the Russian church and the ecclesiastical system maintained by the Greeks of Turkey; but we see nothing worthy of regard in these statements; they are put forth with a political object, and are a part of the great system of misrepresentation by which the English are attempting to spread a belief that the Greeks are not friendly to Russia.

"The Greek church differs from the Latin church in many important particulars. The Greeks deny as strongly as do the Protestants the supremacy of the Pope; and they are very jealous of any tendency towards the increase of ecclesiastical power among them. They hold the Bible in honor, and do not, as the Catholics do, interdict the reading of it to the people. They reject the doctrine of purgatory, and hold to tradition in only a limited degree. They allow priests to marry, and laymen to receive the sacrament. They are tolerant, and make no effort to gain proselytes. The Greek church — not including the Russian — is governed

by four Patriarchs, whose seats are at Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem, and Alexandria. The Patriarch at Constantinople is chief, and presides over a synod whose authority extends over the Greeks of the Ottoman Empire, Austria and the Ionian Islands. The ecclesiastical power in Independent Greece is held by three bishops, who are independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople, although they acknowledge his authority in matters of faith.

"The Russian church has no Patriarch; the Czar is its head. Almost all the population of the Russian empire belongs to the Greek, or, as it is styled in the East and North, the *Orthodox* church. In the kingdom of Greece this church has an immense majority of the population. In European Turkey it has two-thirds. In Georgia and the Danubian provinces, the same. In Austria, Servia, &c., it has one-half; in Hungary, a small minority. In Asia Minor, the Greeks are but a fraction. In Egypt, they are inconsiderable in number.

"The mountainous region of Asiatic Turkey, on tha Persian frontier, between the Lakes Van and Oroomiah, is inhabited by the Nestorians, a Chris-

tian people who profess the doctrines of Nestorius, a Bishop of Constantinople, who lived in the fifth century. They have no regular confession of faith, and their treatises on Christian doctrine express rather the views of individuals than the creed of a church. Within a few years the Nestorians have been the victims of savage persecution and bloody massacres from Mahommedan fanaticism.

"The Armenian Christians are subjects of the Porte, and likewise of Russia. They are found not only in the country from which they take their name, but are scattered about among the commercial marts of the Levant. At Constantinople they are the chief bankers and financial agents. In religion they differ from the Greeks, Catholics and Protestants.

"In Syria and Palestine there are about half a million of Christians, divided into eight sects. namely, Oriental Greeks, Catholic Greeks, Oriental Armenians, Catholic Armenians, Maronites, Jacobites, Syrian Catholics and Latins. Here, as in Europe, the Greeks are the most numerous. The name of *Greek* is, however, misapplied to them, as they are in fact Arabs professing the doctrines of the Greek church. Their language, too,

is Arabic. They are divided into two patriarchal dioceses, namely, Antioch and Jerusalem, which may plead an antiquity of thirteen hundred years. They are nominally independent of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, but he exerts practically some control over them. The Patriarch of Antioch has his residence commonly at Damascus, and is a Greek by birth. The Patriarch of Jerusalem lives at Constantinople, and his functions are exercised by a board of bishops at Jerusalem.

"The Greek Catholics form a seceding branch of the Orientals, from whom they separated about a century ago, through the influence of the Roman Catholics. Their Patriarch formerly resided on Mount Lebanon; at present his seat is at Damascus. The high clergy of this sect are mostly Arabs, who have been educated at Rome. They have a college where languages and the sciences are taught. This sect possesses great influence in Syria, and holds many offices under the government: in fact, it embraces a large proportion of the most wealthy and enterprising of the Christian population.

"The Oriental Armenians are immigrants in Syria, but have been so long there as to regard

the country as their home. They are merchants and mechanics, but their numbers are small. They have a Patriarch of their own. The Catholic Armenians are seceders from the Orientals: they have a Patriarch living on Mount Lebanon.

"The Maronites are an original Syriac people, and use the old Syrian tongue in their religious offices, though it has become to them a dead language. Their popular tongue is Arabic, which they sometimes write with the Syrian alphabet. They may be called Catholics, for, notwithstanding their distinct church establishment and their other usages not tolerated by Rome, they are distinguished for a strong attachment and reverence for the papacy. Their priests have wives, but these they must marry before ordination. Their Patriarch resides on Mount Lebanon, a region which is the peculiar home and stronghold of the Maronites. A great rivalship formerly existed between them and the Druses, their neighbors, a sect of remarkable fanatics, whose doctrines have always been kept secret; but the latter have lately much declined in numbers and strength. The Maronites have one of the best colleges in Syria, where they teach Syriac, Latin and Italian.

"The Jacobites are few in number, and are despised as heretics by all the other sects. They have a Patriarch residing in Mesopotamia. The Syrian Catholics are Romish converts from the Jacobites: they still retain the Oriental rite and the use of the Syriac language in their churches. The Latins also are few, consisting mostly or entirely of the people who dwell in the convents of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, St. John in the Desert, &c. Their language is Arabic, and they are ecclesiastically dependent on the convents.

"Protestant Christians are not tolerated as such in any part of the Turkish empire; that is to say, no one is legally allowed to profess himself a Protestant. The government merely permits a Christian to transfer himself from one sect to another, but not to throw off his allegiance to a sect. This principle of the Ottoman government has been a very powerful check to the rise of Protestantism in Syria. It is the opinion of Dr. Robinson, who is well qualified to pronounce a judgment on this point, that nearly the whole nation of the Druses would, fifteen years ago, have declared themselves Protestant Christians, and put themselves under Protestant instruction, could they have induced

the Turkish government to grant them the same rights as those enjoyed by the other Christians in Syria.

"An exact statistical account of the Ottoman empire is an impossible undertaking; the government does not possess one, and among their institutions there is nothing which tends to the centralization of knowledge. We must also take into consideration that all the statements which the Turks furnish on this subject, and which have served as a basis to the statistics published by various travellers, purposely diminish the number and importance of the Christians.

"The religious element of the Eastern question now passes into the domain of politics and diplomacy."

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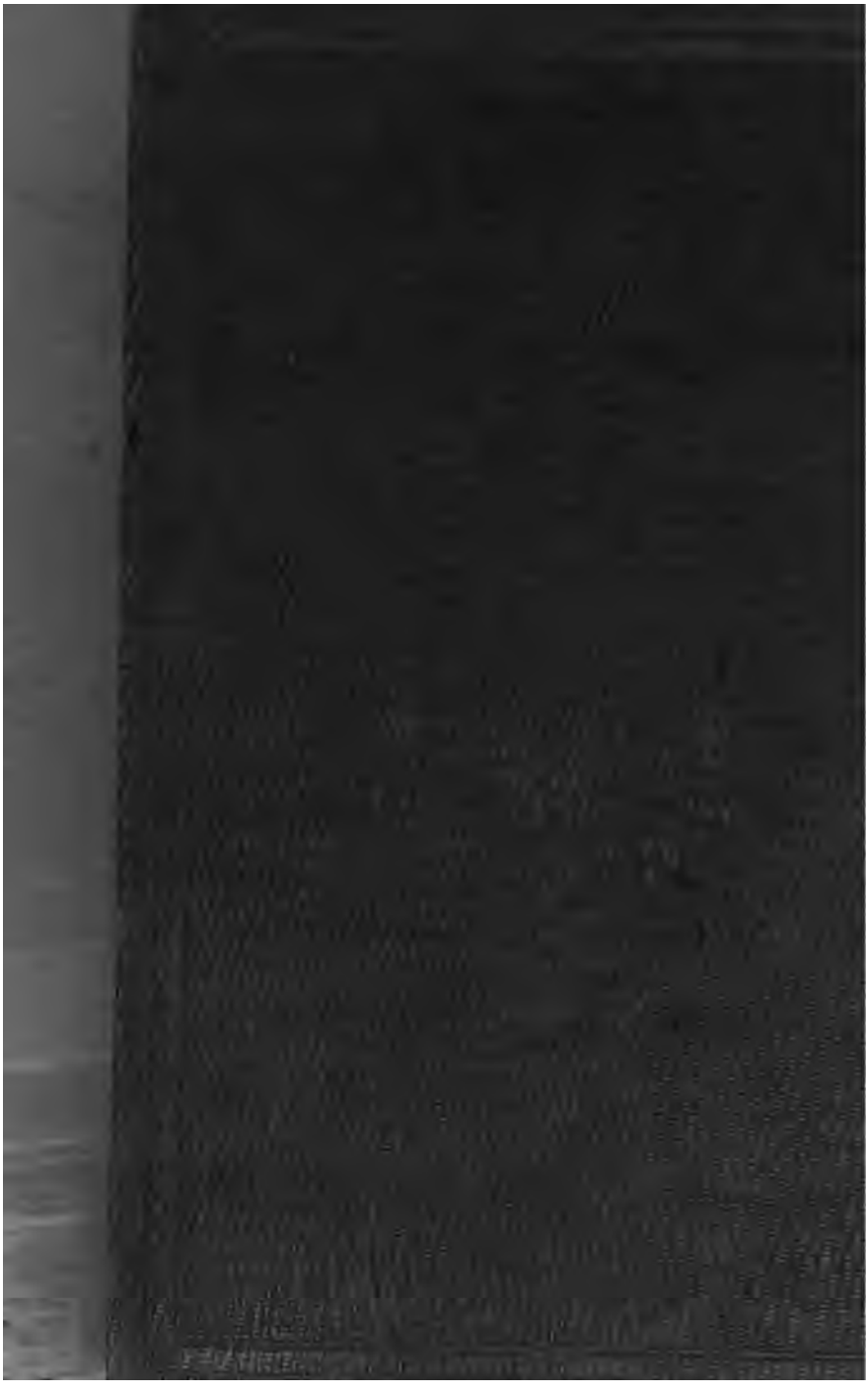
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